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M'KINNEY, TEX.

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VOL. VII — M'KINNEY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1890 — NO. 47

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North side square, over Aron's
Teeth extracted without pain
Use of nitrous oxide gas.

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McKinney, - - - Texas.
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Money to Loan!
ABSTRACTS OF TITLE FURNISHED.
Money at the lowest rate of interest, and on long or short time. Interest annually or semi-annually. I have the only complete abstract books in Collin county, showing all transfers from the time the land was patented by the state of Texas to the present owner. When contracted for, a McKinney attorney will give a legal opinion on all abstracts furnished by me. Parties wishing a $1000 loan or more will act greatly to their own interest by securing the loan and abstract through me.
Respectfully,
M. H. BYRNE,
Of the Collin County Abstract Company.

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J. S. JENKINS has been making loans in Collin county for nine years, and he wishes to say to his customers and others, that he can make choice loans at nine per cent. interest. No commissions. No attorney's fees. You get the amount you contract for. Office over H. C. Herndon's drug store. $10,000 to loan on good personal security.

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USE MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT
It knocks out Lame Back, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Frostbites, Sore Throat, Toothache, Ringbone, Skin Lumps, Harness and Saddle Galls.
It is needed by the Farmer, Stockraiser, Mechanic & Housewife!

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment.
AILMENTS OF HORSES, Mules, Cattle and Sheep.
'TWILL CURE
Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Shoulder Rot, Hollow Horn, Grub and Hoof Disease in Cattle. Scratches in Horses and Mules, Sprains, Windgalls, Spavins, Swinney, Ringbone, Stiff Joints, Lameness and Soreness, Diseased Hoofs, Harness and Saddle Sores and Galls, Blotches, Skin Lumps, Loss of Hair, Film over the Eye.
MUSTANG LINIMENT is Matchless!

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT,
Always kept in the Kitchen,
Always " " " Store,
Always " " " Shop,
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Always rightly applied.
Will give instant relief and speedy cure to Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Lame Back, Frostbites, Sore Throat, Toothache, Sciatica, Caked Breasts, and kindred affections.
Rub it in.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT FOR MAN and BEAST,
CURES
PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS and FROSTBITES;
Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof-All, Screw-Worms, Swinney, and Saddle Galls.
Rub it in.

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SHADE TREES,
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Before placing an order. Call at this office, or send your address to R. W.

AN AGED MAN FIRED UPON.

He Is Waylaid by One of His Neighbors and Shot at Three Times.

GOV. HUBBARD AND THE BURGLARS.

Tom Wilcox Waylaid at Dairgenfield and Given the Contents of a Double-Barreled Shotgun.

GAINESVILLE, Tex., Dec. 23.—Simon Baker, an old man residing in East Gainesville, was waylaid and shot at three times Sunday night on his way home just after crossing the bridge over Pecan creek on Scott street. One shot grazed Baker's breast and the other two passed over and near his head as he ran away. Baker charges Tom Thresher, one of his near neighbors, with the offense and accordingly went at once and swore out a warrant for his arrest. The sheriff went to make the arrest, but Thresher could not be found and is still at large. His wife informed the sheriff that Thresher left on horseback and she had no knowledge of his whereabouts. Some time ago Thresher and Baker had a difficulty and Baker claims that Thresher drew a pistol on him and made him get down on his knees and beg his pardon. For this offense Baker had him indicted a few days ago by the grand jury for unlawfully carrying a pistol and for assault.

Waylaid and Killed.

DAINGERFIELD, Tex., Dec. 23.—Tom Wilcox, a tiemaker living six miles south of this place, was waylaid and killed by unknown parties. Wilcox was the man tried at the last term of the district court for entering a young lady's room at night with evil intentions, but was acquitted. Vengeance is supposed to be the cause of his death. Thursday was the last time he was seen alive. Shots were heard in the direction in which he was killed. His remains were found Saturday on a trail through a lonely piece of wood leading to his place of work. The fatal shots were fired from behind, where evidently the assassin had awaited the coming of his victim. The weapon used was a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot at close range. He was badly mangled.

A Cowardly Act.

ALPINE, Tex., Dec. 22.—Fine Gilliland attempted to assinate Albert Cockrell at this place Friday night about 1 o'clock. Cockrell had just returned with his family from a ball and as he reached the front gallery of his residence Gilliland rode up to the yard fence and fired five shots at him, then fled. Capt. Jones' rangers started out at once, and Saturday evening two of them came upon Gilliland in Musquez canon and pressed him so close that he was forced to abandon his horse and take to the rocks on foot, which he did with pistol in hand. Several shots were fired at him, but he made his escape. Sheriff Gillett and the rangers are after him. Cockrell and Gilliland had a difficulty Friday evening.

A Negro Shot.

PLANO, Tex., Dec. 22.—Quite a little excitement was created yesterday afternoon by Jack Lewis shooting four times in succession at a fleeing negro named Jake Seborn, employed at the compress here. Two of the shots took effect, one in the muscle of the left arm and one in the left hip. The facts of the shooting are that Jake Seborn purchased some articles from Mr. Lewis, which he wanted Mr. Lewis to take back in exchange for other articles at the same price as paid for the ones bought, which led to a war of words, followed by the result given above. Seborn's wounds are not considered dangerous. Lewis promptly gave himself up to the officers.

Both Legs Broken.

CORSICANA, Tex., Dec. 19.—A fearful accident happened Wednesday night near Black Hills, a few miles from here, in a northwesterly direction. Young Jim Champion, while driving a team down hill not far from his house hauling a load of wood, was precipitated from the top, the wagon and all passing over his legs, breaking both of them. The poor fellow had surgical aid immediately, and it is thought he may recover. The cause of the accident was owing to the breaking of the singletree and the falling down of one of the mules.

School House Consumed.

NAVASOTA, Tex., Dec. 17.—About 1:30 o'clock Monday night the main building of the white public school was set on fire from the outside, but was quickly extinguished. An alarm two hours later found the building so far burned up that there was no hope of saving it. Before the second fire one of the bolts was removed from one of the fire department's hose carriages, causing it to break down. The building and furniture were probably worth $2500 and were insured for $1750. This is the second school house burned this year.

Hubbard and the Burglars.

TYLER, Tex., Dec. 23.—The residence of ex-Gov. Hubbard was entered Sunday night by a burglar who possessed himself of a fine double-cased gold watch and chain and Japanese charm. The watch was lying on a table in the governor's private room. It was a present and was inscribed on the case: "Presented to ex Gov. Hubbard by his wife," etc. Gov. Hubbard valued it very highly and feels the loss of it keenly. No clew to the burglar.

Ghost Dancing in Greer.

FRAZER, Tex., Dec. 17.—Two hundred and fifty Indians near Headquarters mountains have been holding a ghost dance for several days. Some of them have ordered a few white settlers to remove their families, as danger was imminent. County Judge G. S. Howking has written the governor for assistance. Considerable apprehension is felt.

Stabbed to the Heart.

BELCHERVILLE, Tex., Dec. 22.—It was reported from Grady postoffice, I. T., last Thursday that Dave Adams and Jim Henson had a row, which ended in Adams stabbing Henson with a knife, cutting him to the heart and killing him instantly. Adams is under arrest and will be taken to Paris for trial.

Masked Robbers.

BRADY, Tex., Dec. 19.—A German named Peterman was in Brady Monday some purchases. In the evening about dark three men wearing false whiskers approached the house where Peterman was stopping, about two miles northwest of Brady, and one of the three knocked at the door of the house, which Peterman opened. One of the men drew a pistol on Peterman and demanded his money or his life. He at once gave up $140 to the robbers. They then pulled him out of the house, locked the door, took the key and left him on the outside. He came to town and notified the sheriff. The horse tracks were traced to the main road leading to Brady and there lost.

Diabolical Deed.

COLUMBIA, Tex., Dec. 18.—On Monday evening Mr. George Jarvis, manager of Retrieve place, sent one of his convict guards named Joe Jackson to the express office at Cyster Creek station for a package of money containing about $300. Jackson was seen at the express office about 4 o'clock p. m. About 9 o'clock p. m., a negro named William Mills having been to Retrieve started home. As he opened the gate of the plantation he discovered a man lying upon the ground. Upon investigation this was found to be Jackson with the entire front part of his head blown off with a shotgun. The negro immediately reported the matter and upon investigation the money was found to be gone.

Weltering in Blood.

SAN MARCOS, Tex., Dec. 20.—Thursday night about 9 o'clock the cry of murder was heard proceeding from the neighborhood of the railroad bridge east of town. Persons hurrying to the spot found a negro named Richard Kyle weltering in his blood and dead. This locality is a notorious negro and Mexican gambling rendezvous and strong suspicion attaches to several gentry of this ilk as being the perpetrators of this horrible deed. Officers are doing their utmost to find out the dastardly murderers. The inquest developed no additional clew as to the perpetrator of this horrible deed. Excitement runs high among the negroes. It is believed he fell by the hand of one of his own color.

James Jodson Assassinated.

HOUSTON, Tex., Dec. 17.—News reached here yesterday evening of a most dastardly killing that occurred last night on the Retrieve plantation on the line of the Columbia tap road. James Jodson assistant manager of that plantation, was the victim. He had been to the depot to get a shipment of money, $312, and was going home with it. Within 400 yards of the house, the top of his head was literally blown off with a shot-gun, the muzzle of which must have been placed almost against it. Suspicion rest upon a party who could not be found, and at a late hour a body of men were in pursuit of him. Deceased had lived here many years, and was highly esteemed.

He Took Morphine.

STEPHENVILLE, Tex., Dec. 19.—Yesterday morning school children on arriving at the Valley Grove schoolhouse, two and a half miles south of Stephenville, found Mr. James Nelson lying in the house, with a freshly opened bottle of morphine nearly emptied and his pocket-knife by his side. A window-pane had been stopped with part of his clothing. Two benches had been drawn near the stove, and he was dressed for burial. He was lying on the benches with his hands folded across his breast. Medical aid was at once summoned and everything possible is being done to save him. When last heard from there were but little hopes of his recovery.

Bolton's Slick Dodge.

EL PASO, Tex., Dec. 20.—Dr. W. S. Bolton, who, ever since the night of April 2 last has been in the Mexican prison in Juarez charged with the unlawful killing of H. S. Cavitt in that city, and who was in poor health at the time and ever since, walked out of the prison in broad daylight Thursday, took a carriage in front of the prison where the military patrol were pacing their beat, was driven across the Rio Grande to this city and thence proceeded up into New Mexico, where he took the Pullman car attached to the north-bound Santa Fe train that left this city at 4:20 p. m.

Cupid Grows Rampant.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Tex., Dec. 20.—Wednesday was a fine day for marriages at the courthouse. About noon to-day six buggies lined in front of the gate. Esquire Crabtree was called for, when D. G. Baker of Arkansas and Miss E. R. Baker were married. Next in turn came J. B. Butler and Miss E. McAnally, who likewise went in short order, made man wife. About 6 o'clock two couples from Delta county arrived, George B. Wright and Miss Mary Wampen, R. W. Parish and Miss Belle Griffith. They were also seated in horse vehicles until Judge Morris pronounced the benediction.

Given Five Years.

PALESTINE, Tex., Dec. 17.—The grand jury, now in session, has been getting very close to the gamblers, among other places having investigated diligently a colored dive run by one Dave Brown. Two habitues of this place, John Kelo and Charles Williams, stubbornly swore that they knew nothing about the transactions in the place, and as a consequence were indicted and yesterday convicted of perjury, each one getting five years in the penitentiary.

Blood-Letting at a Dance.

MEXIA, Tex., Dec. 18.—Tuesday night at a dance on the Hines plantation, nine miles northeast of Mexia, two farmers, Dave Hankins and one Pearce, got into a row and, after exchanging several pistol shots, Hankins fell dead, perforated with lead. Pearce escaped unhurt and is still at large. Hankins' friends are swearing vengeance and talk of lynching Pearce if he is caught. Trouble is anticipated. No further information was obtainable last night.

A Tragic Death.

BONHAM, Tex., Dec. 22.—Col. Richard White, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of this county, met with a most tragic death this morning about 11 o'clock. While out driving his horse became frightened and ran away, throwing him out and breaking his spinal column, from which he died in less than an hour.

Fatally Crushed.

LOVELADY, Tex., Dec. 19.—The 5-year-old son of Mr. Brown, living near Creek, had his head crushed in by a

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Heaven is nearer,
The skies are clearer,
The sun shines brighter
Our hearts are lighter
On Christmas morning!

Heaven is nearer,
Our friends are dearer,
The air is rarer,
The earth is fairer
On Christmas morning!

Joy-bells ring praises,
The soul it raises
On music's pinions,
From self's dominions,
On Christmas morning!

The shadows drifted
O sin seem lifted,
And care and grieving
Find sweet relieving
On Christmas morning!

Mankind seem purer,
Our hope seems surer,
Our doubting ceases;
We hail Christ Jesus
On Christmas morning!

ALL HOME AT CHRISTMAS.

SEVEN was the number of our family father, mother, George, Annie, Willie, Rosie, and Ralph. Ralph does not count for much, for he is the baby; but for all that, he has got just as much right in this family as George, the oldest, has.

There was still another person present at our table,—sweet little Jennie Roberts. She was our George's sweetheart; and if they would not tell us all their affairs, we knew well enough that there would be a marriage with our family soon. George was only twenty-one years old, but he worked hard and thought himself perfectly capable of looking out for himself and one other person.

How we all loved pretty Jennie! Her folks lived next door to ours, and of course we were often at each other's homes, and it would be nothing surprising for Jennie to take dinner at our house two or three times in a week. We looked upon her as one of the family; but whenever such a thing was mentioned, Jennie would blush quite red.

On this particular day, papa had written a letter of great importance to a firm in Chicago with which he was dealing largely. Among other things in this letter was a check for one hundred dollars, all certified and made out to bearer, all a person had to do would be to present it at any bank, and it would be cashed on sight. Papa came into the sitting-room with the letter in his hand, and asked George if he was going down town that evening, and if he would register the letter. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he stepped along into the hall and placed the letter in George's overcoat pocket, as he thought. Re-entering the sitting-room, he told George that the letter was in his overcoat pocket, and to be sure and send it off that night.

Poor George thought no more of the matter until he was down town, and then, as it entered his head he put his hand into the breatt pocket of his overcoat to get the letter to post, but it was gone. Good gracious! What was he going to do about it? He went through all the pockets of the coat, but no letter came to view. At last he came to the conclusion that his father had changed his mind about the letter going that night, and had taken it from the pocket of the coat; but, thought George, he might have said as much and did not give a fellow this start about it. So home he went, not letting the loss of the letter bother him any more, and had a good night's sleep without any bad dreams.

Next morning at the breakfast table papa asked George if he had posted the letter that he had placed in his overcoat pocket the night before. George looked astonished at papa, and told him that he could find no letter in his pocket when he looked for it at the post-office, and that he had thought father had changed his mind about the letter and had removed it without warning him of it. Papa denied removing the letter from George's pocket, and accused George of slackness and the loss of the letter. Hot words passed between them, and we thought once that papa would strike George. Mamma was crying her eyes out, and the rest of us were keeping out of the way behind the kitchen door. Fierce words were spoken on both sides, for George would only stick to it that he had not seen the letter or anything pertaining to it.

At last the cloud burst. Papa accused George of taking the check for his own account. George told father that he lied, and father ended the hot interview by ordering brother George, the pet of all us children, from his house. George quietly put on his coat and hat, kissed all us children and mother, and quietly turning to papa, bid him good-by, stating that he hoped things would come straight after a while. With that he left the house.

Oh! that was a day of sadness for that household. Mamma took to her bed with a sick headache, and papa went to his work with a sullen look on his face that we had never seen there before.

The saddest duty of all was breaking the bad news to little Jennie. She took it all kindly, and seemed a little down-hearted, but hoped it would all come right before long. We all expected to see George back home again that night or the next day at the least, but he never came. Days ran into weeks and weeks into months, but not a word from George.

One day papa complained that the lining of his overcoat had been loose for some time, and that he wished it might be attended to. So mamma took it from the rack, and getting her patches, thread, and needles, sat down by the sitting-room window to mend it. She mended the lining of the sleeve and was about to hang it back on the coat rack, when she noticed that the lining, down at the bottom of the coat, was worn out. In ripping away the old stuff to replace it with new, she pulled out an old letter addressed to a firm in Chicago.

Thinking nothing of it, she laid it on the mantel-piece; and when papa came home that evening, she gave him the letter, and told him where she had found it.

"Good heavens, mother!" exclaimed papa, "what shall I do? That is the very letter that I thought I put into my boy's pocket, and instead I put it into my own. Oh! Lord forgive me! It was over eight months ago. Where can George be now?"

The look that passed between mother and father was perfectly understood by each other. Father's eyes plainly showed the sorrow he felt at the wrong he had done his own son and the mother's eyes looked all the sympathy she had for the poor father, who had been too hasty. Papa was for starting out that very night to find his boy, and on his knees beg his forgiveness, and ask him to complete the family circle that had been broken for so long. But mother implored him to wait till next day, and then see what could be done, for it would have been useless to look for George in that town. Only one person knew where George was, and that was dear little Jennie.

When Jennie was told of the discovery of the letter, the look of reproach which she cast on papa made him feel, he said, like going outside and kicking himself for an hour. No one knew that Jennie had George's address for she had kept it entirely to herself. The next day she wrote a note to George, addressed in care of a friend of George, in a small town some hundred miles away from home. She told him that the letter had been found, and that since the discovery that he had been wronged, his father was failing in health and praying for George to come back home.

He wrote her that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to return home; but that he could not for some time yet, and for her to still keep quiet as to his whereabouts.

It is Christmas noon. We are all sitting down to our grand old Christmas dinner. Papa is at the head of the table; his hair is whiter than it was a year ago, and his hand trembles as he holds the carving-knife. Mother is at the foot of the table pouring out the tea and doing other little things. Jennie—our little Jennie, we still call her—has the place on the right hand of papa. He has taken greatly to Jennie of late, as it seems to him that through her he can see his wronged son. We children are scattered around in the usual places. All is ready.

Now papa bows his head to ask the blessing; hush! his trembling voice is heard: "Heavenly Father, we ask thy blessing on this, the birthday of thy Son and our Redeemer. May thy blessing rest on the heads of those now present around this board. One year ago to-day we were all here to receive thy blessing, but to-day there is one missing, one gone from our home, who we ask thee to guide him back to—"

Just at that moment the sitting-room door opened quietly, and George, our good brother George, entered with the words, "You are wrong, father. We are all here to-night."

It is needless to say that the interrupted blessing was postponed for a while; that when it was again pronounced, it was worded differently. And our home was again blessed with a full board, and no vacant chair.—C. F. MERRILL, in the New Moon.

Christmas Umbrella.

A very unique and easily arranged entertainment is that of an umbrella in place of a tree. Take a large sized umbrella—a fancy colored one, such as is used for advertising, or a large express-wagon umbrella—is especially good for this purpose; bore a hole through the top just below the ferrule; pass a heavy cord through the hole, and suspend from the ceiling, the umbrella being spread, of course. Decorate profusely with tissue paper, paper chains, pop-corn, or any of the ornamentations commonly used on on trees. By the use of pin-hooks the gifts can be hung on the cloth, and also on the ribs of the umbrella. By a liberal display of tasty decorations this can be made very effective and beautiful, and the work of preparing and clearing away is so much less than that attending a tree that the umbrella is especially desirable for parlor use.

Christmas Cross.

A pleasing and easily arranged substitute for a tree is a cross. This is arranged by making a rough cross out of pine planks or boards securely fastened to a flat base. Cover the cross heavily with evergreen, and place the monogram I. H. S. in large gilt or white letters at the center. Hang gifts on the front of the cross by use of screw-hooks, and suspend them from the back from common nails. A row of candles across the arms and top of the cross is effective; and, if incandescent light is to be obtained, a most brilliant effect is produced by putting a complete border of bright lights around the cross; and even this effect is intensified by having the lights in different colored globes. The cross is especially appropriate for Christmas exercises, and the programme should be arranged with reference to that fact.

Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the aged man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveler, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home.

THE STORY OF A PICNIC.

One morning not very long ago Frank Mahew woke with a headache. This he ascribed to the heat of Lady Braglatou's ballroom the night before and the lobster mayonaise which he had eaten at supper. His familiar friend, Jack Welman, who shares his diggings, remarked that the lobster was extra see, cuvee reservee, of a very good brand, and would not have hurt a baby unless consumed in excess. "Talking of which," he added, "shall you run to fizz at your picnic?"

"Picnic!" said Mr. Mahew in a careless tone; "what picnic? I remember something about a bean-feast to which some one I know has asked me to go next Saturday. I fancy I accepted; but my headache made me forget. Where is it?"

Jack Welman, who always presides at breakfast, poured him out a third cup of tea, and shook his head.

"My dear fellow, were you as bad as that? Really don't you know that you are giving a picnic, and have twenty people, at least—seven girls to my knowledge—coming to Maidenhead on Saturday next, and have got to provide boats and lunch?"

"Jack!" said Mr. Mahew (in a confidential, if rather nervous tone,) "I believe you are right; it's coming back to me now!" and he laughed uncomfortably. "I'm not quite sure it will suit me. All the same—"

"Can't you get out of it?"

"I really must if I can; I am deuced short. It will be a matter of ten pounds, at least—ready money, too, for most of it."

"Cheap at that."

"What am I to do? Tell me a good excuse. You've not got a headache."

"Write and say you can't find a chaperon. You have only asked girls and a lot of young fellows; you must have some one to give an air of respectability, though you did issue your invitations in rather an informal way. How many boatfuls will there be? You might say you must have a dowager in each."

Mr. Welman went to the writing-table and wrote a little pile of notes, drank a lemon squash, and departed to Lincoln's inn for the day, where doubtless he rendered valuable assistance to the conveyancer with whom he was reading. Postal delivery in London is sometimes fairly rapid, and next morning Mr. Welman pointed with an air of friendly concern to a little pile of envelopes, directed in ladies' handwriting, which lay beside his friend's plate.

"Tender regrets," said Frank Mahew, airily.

"Offers of chaperonage, you bet," replied Welman, and Frank Mahew read the first one aloud, with a lengthening face, which would not have flattered the writer:

"DEAR MR. MAHEW: It will be all right about the picnic, as I can easily find a chaperon. Hoping it will be fine, yours very sincerely, BLANCHE SMITH."

"It may not be fine," he muttered. "What do they say from America? Wait a bit, though."

"MY DEAR MR. MAHEW: We are much looking forward to your picnic on Saturday, and shall come, whatever the weather, though we had better all have mackintoshes. My cousin, Mrs. Thomson, will do propriety. So that is all right. Are there many coming? I thought you only wanted me. Yours very sincerely,
ROSE DE JONES."

"Confound Mrs. Thomson! Here's another of them."

"MY DEAR MR. MAHEW: (Wonder why she underlined the dear. What can I have said?) You have forgotten you asked mamma to chaperon us at your picnic, and she has ordered a new shady hat on purpose. Yours in haste,
MAY ROBBINSON."

"Old Lady Robbinson in a new shady hat; my prophetic soul! Look here, Jack, don't grin—it's no joke. I've overdrawn already, and the quarter's only half through."

"There's another," said Welman, grimly, "in a pink envelope."

"One of the Currey girls," said Mahew, with his teeth set. "I fancy I asked both."

"DEAR FRANK (Frank forsooth): Don't forget you promised Ethel you would have plenty of boats, and let Capt. Maudsley scull her. I think I'll come in a punt, with you, as you want me to do so much. Get one of your young married friends to chaperon the party, and give her some one to entertain her in a separate boat. Yours in frantic haste, DORA CURREY."

"Nice style of girls that, said Mr. Welham. "You seem to have made the running all round. Lady Robbinson will be particularly glad to chaperon the Curreys! I heard her saying to Mrs. De Jones she wondered how Lady Braginton could invite such girls to her ball."

"My dear Jack," said Mr. Mahew, with a still longer face, "I don't at all want to offend Lady Robbinson, and I don't want to go in a punt with Miss Currey. What am I to do?"

"Can't say. Drown yourself, or have some lobster before starting—to keep up your spirits. Any more letters?"

"Only one, from the governor."

"Is the old man friendly?"

"Severe rather—paternal reminder of the shortness of life as instanced by the death of an elderly relative at the age of 97. But Lady Robbinson—"

"But your dead relative, who was he?"

"Gen. George Mahew; retired, cracked, distant cousin; lots of money, cuts with his family. Shall I write to the Curreys and say I won't take them?"

"When is the funeral?"

"Saturday next. Dash it all, old man! don't call it that; we'll make it lively somehow."

"The funeral, my gentle ass! I mean the funeral—your deceased cousin's?"

"I'm not going to it. I never saw the old fool; besides it is on Saturday."

"The very thing, my dear fellow. If you really want to cut this picnic write your regrets all round. 'Sudden mourning,' and duty to your family.' His name is in the 'Times obituary. He must have been rather a swell in his way once, and your name as a mourner at his funeral will be in the papers to show it was a genuine business."

"It's away down in Devonshire."

"All the better. If it's anywhere near my people run over and have half a day's fishing."

"Are your people all at home?"

"If you mean Maggie by all my people, she's there; and if you don't take care she'll hear of your picnic and the Currey girl. She knows Blanche Smythe."

Later on that day Mr. Mahew duly regretted that the sudden death of his relative, Gen. Mahew, and the necessity, etc., caused the postponement of his proposed picnic. He had it lithographed on black edged cards, and the printer sent in one hundred and fifty—he uses them for book markers still.

It was a very fine morning when Mr. Mahew started from Paddington by a very early train, and the river at Maidenhead looked so lovely he almost regretted his picnic. He recognized no relations at Paddington, nor was there any one Exeter; but a carriage was there to meet him, as he had written to say he was coming; and as no one else turned up he found himself figuring as chief mourner. His cousin's elderly solicitor came to him in the garden as he was smoking a cigar after the funeral.

"I have found an envelope," he said, "labeled 'Will,' and I think as you are going away I had better open it in your presence."

"I suppose you had," said Frank Mahew, carelessly. "Its a pity no other relations are present. Where are they all?"

"Well, you see," said the solicitor, "they never came near the general of late years, except when an uncle of yours came down to make an investigation whether the general had married his housekeeper, a Mrs. Jenkins by name. She died a few years ago, and latterly they seem to have made some advance toward him. He would have nothing to say to them, but had some circulars printed of a more or less abusive character, insinuating that they had designs on his fortune, and sent them to every one whom he could discover who was in any way related to him. I wonder you did not get one."

"Not worth it, I guess—if he ever heard of me," said Frank Mahew. 'Open that envelop, though; I want to get away."

The solicitor opened it and read the contents of half a sheet of note paper. "I must congratulate you, Mr. Mahew," he exclaimed. "I must congratulate you; this is, indeed, the fitting reward of your affectionate reverence for the deceased testator."

"What's that?" said Frank. He had been [illegible] bee and had not quite heard. "Is that the will? Short and sweet, like a donkey's gallop, is it not? I must show them how to do that at Lincoln's inn. Who drew it?"

"I did not, certainly," said the solicitor with a rueful eye.

"So I should imagine," said Frank to himself, holding it at arm's length. "It's in his own writing by the signature witnessed by the cook and the gardener."

"But read it, my dear sir!" said the solicitor. "Read it!"

"It is so very badly written I don't think I can."

"My dear sir, allow me," and the old gentleman took the paper.

"The last will of Mr. George Mahew. I leave everything I have to leave to be divided between those of my relations who have the decency to attend my funeral. Signed,' etc."

"That means about 60,000 pounds for you, Mr. Mathew, besides this house. If you will allow me I will see to the 'prop.'" Wellman always said that his friend had no sense of decency, and he would have thought his opinion confirmed if he had seen him then seize the gray-haired old solicitor round the waist and waltz him across the lawn tennis court with a whoop like a red Indian's. The undertaker was just starting to drive back to the Exeter with the hearse and equipments; he had seen grief manifest itself in many forms, and was quite touched—it took him back to his Irish home and his father's wake.

The solicitor looked rather ruffled; but being a prudent man he consoled himself with the prospect of managing the estate, though he did not for the moment see how he could include dancing with the residuary devisee in his bill of costs. No doubt Frank paid for it eventually.

"Good old Jack!" he said as he told the history of the funeral to Welman on Monday evening over an excellent dinner. "Never forget to be dutiful to the aged and show respect to the dead even at the expense of a day's pleasure with the young and lovely."

"I think," said Mr. Welman, "you had better let me finish that magnum."
—St. James Gazette.

For Agile Tongues.

Here are some sentences which rival the celebrated "Peter Piper's Peck of Pickled Peppers" in testing the agility of the tongue:

Gaze on the gay, gray brigade.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip.

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.

She sells sea-shells.

Smith's spirit flask split Phillip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.—New York Ledger.

A Great Head.

Says the New York World: Emin Pasha relates that in the forest of Msonga is a large tribe of monkeys that understand the art of making fire. They go out at night to hunt fruit and light their way with torches. This fact clearly accounts for the man who carries a torch in a political parade. Darwin had a great head.

Hear them bells ringing, 'tis sweet bird dodgers
For fancy groceries Fox & Lov do or ally get there.

Fire-Works!

PERFECTION CORN AND MISSOURI FLOUR.

CHRISTMAS GOODS IN ABUNDANCE.

FOX & LOVE.

Utah Potatoes

Christmas candies, largest stock, best assortment, lowest prices.

Fox & Love.

For a sack of extra fine flour, call on Fox & Love.

Two car-loads of flour to be sold in 30 days. Call on Fox & Love.

Fire-works—for an extra set of fire-works, call on Fox & Love.

Pure apple vinegar made by J. M. Douthitt of your city, at Fox & Love's.

New crop sugars and molasses at Fox & Love's.

Apples, oranges, and all kinds of fruits, at Fox & Love's.

Pure Maple syrup, at Fox & Love's.

Mixed pickles in barrels, at Fox & Love's.

Snow flake hominy at Fox & Love's.

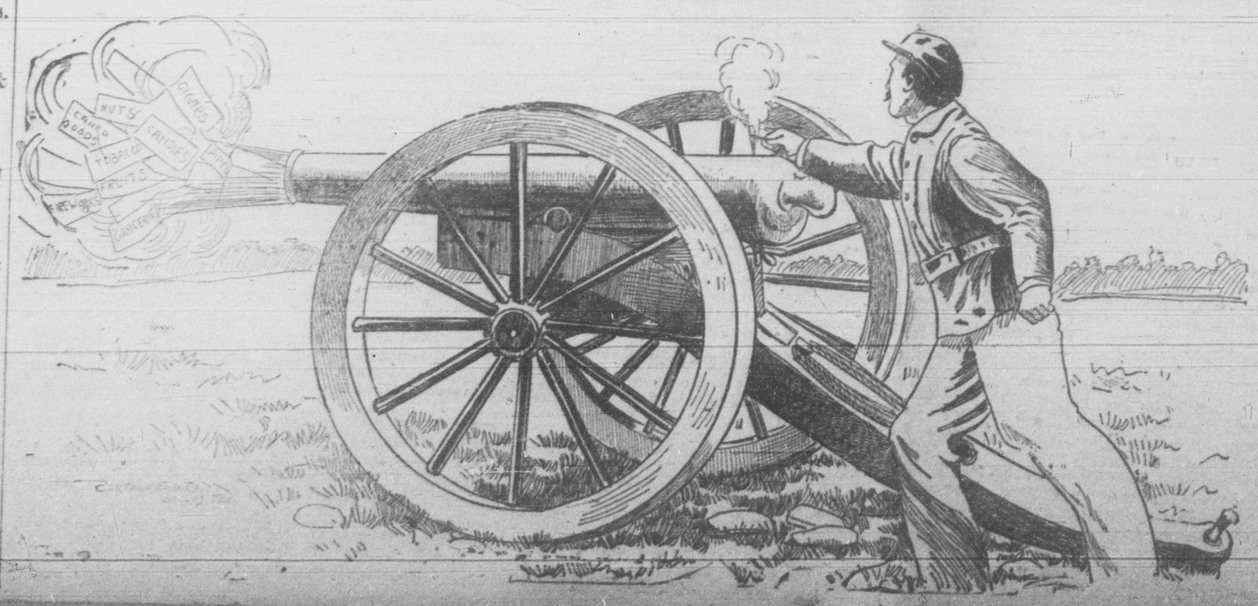
Fox & Love,

2d DOOR

Johnson Block.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

RING OUT THE BELLS,
SOUND THE NEWS
AND TELL THE GoodWishes OF
Murphy,
Perry
& Co.,
AND A HAPPY AND Prosperous New Year.
With pleasure to Greeting the Public With a hearty wish for a Merry, Merry Christmas
These chimes are to remind you that Xmas time is nearly here. And they are— from the MISSISSIPPI STORE The metropolitan Cash Dry Goods and Clothing House.
At McKinney. Where you will find rare bargains in various and sundry kinds of HOLIDAY GOODS
Come, see and you will know we can save you money on your Xmas goods. Many, many thanks for the favors of the past. Respectfully
Murphy, Perry & Co. have done th thing up brown,
They've taken our paper for an ad, an scooped both country and town.
The merry bells are ringing from hi top, vale and steeple,
While Murphy, Perry and their genia clerks sell goods to all the people
Murphy, Perry & Co.



A. T. WILSON & Co.

Opening their battery on

HIGH PRICES.

Come and see us. We will give you good meals. sell you

Cheap Groceries,

Candies, Nuts, Fruits, Pipes,

Cigars and Tobacco.

Respectfully, yours,

A. T. Wilson & Co.

NEW

SHOE STORE

On the evening of the 9th instant a DEMOCRAT reporter, desirous of becoming better acquainted with this manufacturing establishment, which is located on the west side of the square, sauntered into the presence of the genial proprietor, Mr. P. P. Suttle, who spared no pains to show him through his store which was replete with men's, women and children's footwear of the best quality and make.

Mr. Suttle informed us that his stock was larger than ever and that he would be compelled to sell at a very close margin during the holidays.

The repairing department under the management of Mr. R. L. Parker, who guarantees satisfaction in that line. Those who visit McKinney to trade in footwear should not lose the golden opportunity of examining Mr. Suttle's goods and prices.

-:-Wheeler & Wilson-:-

—NEW—

HIGH-ARM NO.

The lightest running lock-stitch Sewing Machine

—IN—

-THE WORLD-

Awarded the highest possible

PRMIUM

THE ONLY

Grand : Prize

At the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1889.

THE NO.

IS SOMETHING NEW.

You cannot afford to buy a Sewing Machine without first seeing the No. sale by

Kendall & Barnes.

TAKE

MKT

TO ALL POINS

NORTH AND EAST.

THROUGH TRAINS CARRY

PULLMAN .·. SLEEPERS

Between Points in TEXAS and

CHICAGO, .·. ST. .·. LOUIS

AND

KANSAS CITY.

Close Connections in all of the above cities for points of entire U. S. and Canada. M., K. & T. Ry Co. Agents

NEW YORK, BOSTON, MONTREAL AND ST. PAUL.

Geo. A. Eddy, Receiver.
H. C. Crane, Gen'l Manager.
E. J. Pyne, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
Sedalia, Mo. St. Louis, Mo.

John Johnson's Views of the Ocala Convention.

McKINNEY, Dec. 22, 1890.

Editor Democrat:

The Florida convention is over. The child is named. Its name is, "People's Rights." It was said by all the railroad and all the bank papers that that convention would be watched by all the politicians of the United States; that the platform they adopted would set them up or sink them. Here it is:

Ocala, Fla., Dec. 8.—The national Farmers' Alliance assembled again this morning at 8.30. After routine work, a few speeches giving newspaper correspondents a drubbing because they have secured information of the proceedings beyond that given out by the press committee, the convention listened to the report of the committee on legislation. This report, as to the financial policy, contained the following amended demands:

1. We demand the abolition of national banks. We demand that the government shall establish sub-treasuries in the several states which shall loan money direct to the people at a low rate of interest, not to exceed 2 per cent. annum on non-perishable farm products, and also upon real estate with proper limitations upon the quality of land and the amount of money. We demand that the amount of the circulating medium be speedily increased to not less than $50 per capita.

2. We demand that congress shall pass such laws as shall effectually prevent dealing in futures on agricultural and mechanical products, and a change in the present system of procedure in trial, such as shall secure the prompt conviction of offenders and the imposition of such penalties as shall secure the most perfect compliance with the laws.

3. We condemn the silver bill recently passed by congress and demand in lieu thereof free and unlimited coinage of silver.

4. We demand the passage of laws prohibiting alien ownership of land, and that congress take prompt action to devise some plan to obtain all lands now owned by aliens and foreign syndicates, and that all lands now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of such as is actually used and needed by them be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only.

5. Believing in the doctrine of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, we demand that our national legislation shall be so framed in future as not to build one industry at the expense of another. We further demand the removal of the existing heavy tariff from the necessaries of life that the people of our land must have. We further demand a just and equal system of graduated tax incomes. We believe that the money of our country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all national and state revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government, economically and honestly administered.

6. We demand the most honest and just state and national governmental control and supervision of the means of public communication and transportation and if this control and supervision does not remove the abuses now existing we demand government ownership of such means of communication and transportation,

Adopted by 79 to 9.

We are willing to stand or fall on its democracy. The leading democrat papers of Missouri indorse the above platform with one exception, that is, the government running the railroads and telegraphs. They seem to think that it would give the government too much power to own the railroads. Now I would like for some of the leading democratic papers to tell the people the difference for the government to own the railroads or the railroads to own the government. Every sensible farmer and laborer knows that the railroads and the banks are running the government. The government taking the railroads and banks into possession cannot be worse for the people, for they are man and wife, so far as robbing the people is concerned. Now for the proof of the above statement. Home is the place to hunt your proof. All mankind is the same when it comes to self-interest. Find a railroad man, or a banker, or one of the leading papers of the McKinney ring, or one of the leaders of the McKinney ring, that will indorse the above amended demands made by the national Farmers' Alliance at Ocala, Fla., Dec. 8.

There is one question that I want to ask every sensible man in the country, Did you ever hear a congressman say one word about our per capita, either in congress or out of it, when they know that the destiny of all nations depends upon the amount of money that is in circulation? They know if there is not enough money to carry off the produce, that country cannot prosper. Have we got enough money to run our government? I claim that we have not got more than one-eight enough. Why do I say so? There is not a farmer in the country that can raise any produce that will pay for his labor. Why so? Money too scarce, and interest too high. Have we more than seven dollars per capita in circulation to-day? What did we have after the war? We had fifty-two dollars. Give us what the alliance demands, fifty dollars per capita. Cotton is worth 18 cents; all other produce in proportion. Who will that hurt? Nobody but the monopolies. Give us unlimited coinage of silver. Let the government loan the money direct to the people. The bankers say that is unconstitutional. Of course, but it is not unconstitutional for the government to loan the bankers money and the bankers loan it to the people at 12 per cent. That is constitutional, so Reagan and Plummer say. Reagan says that Cleveland did loan about sixty millions of the people's money to banks without interest. He said it was loaned in pursuance of a policy that had been adopted by previous republican administrations. He further said that this loan of the people's money had been going on ever since '69. Now, can we be worsted when the government will loan the people's money to banks without interest and the banks loan the people's money back to them at bankers' interest, and take mortgages on their homesteads for their own money?

I see that the St. Louis Republic and the Platte City Landmark, two simon pure democrat papers, seem to be very uneasy about the Northwestern republicans being treacherous to the Alliance. Can they beat the Eastern republicans and democrats for treachery? If we are ever saved it is going to be by the South and Northwest uniting. The government has been running for the last thirty years pretending to be democratic part of the time. Can a government be democratic when it has to have sectional officers to run it? Is it possible that the South has not a man capable of being vice president? If so, why is it that we never had a national convention that allowed us a vice-president? The first true democratic national convention held since the war was held at Ocala, Fla., Dec. 8, 1890. There each state had equal rights, and they spoke out for the people. I want to live to see the next president from South Carolina and the vice-president from Kansas, as they, being the two extreme political states—one from the North and one from the South—are for the people. Hurrah! for South Carolina and Kansas.

JOHN JOHNSON.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease consumption. Ask yourself if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Bristol Bros.

The Racket Store is headquarters for notions, tinware, hardware, glassware, dry goods, clothing, hats, bazaar goods and toys.

The custom has been for capital to whistle while labor dances, but times have changed. The farmer is now looking after the actions of his would-be friend as there is a "change in business all around."

Answer this Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of the food, yellow skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them.—Bistol Bros.

John Spurgeon's gin, at Lucas, has turned out about 750 bales of cotton this season.

The Racket Store will positively close out business by Jan. 1 and goods will absolutely be sold at COST.

☞ When you want the best coal call on Webb & Porter at Webb-Hynes' old stand.

Mr. J. T. Branch, of Lucas, left last Saturday for his old home in Tennessee, on a visit. The DEMOCRAT wishes him a pleasant visit and safe return.

Wiseman—Clothing.
Wiseman—boots and shoes.

AT BAPTIST CHURCH.

Last Sunday morning was a warm, pleasant day for December. It resembled a regular cool summer morning, with folds of clouds floating in the blue azure above. At 11 o'clock a full house had gathered at the Baptist church to listen to a sermon from the pastor. After songs and prayer, Rev. Bennett Hatcher announced his text: "Have faith in God." He discussed first, the foundation of faith. (a) He pointed to Christ, "I am the way, the truth and the life." Christ is the counterpart of God. Christ is the sure foundation. Men fail, nations fail, but God never. (b) Love of God was another foundation (c) Omnipotence of God was another foundation, and the (d) Providence of God still another. The speaker elucidated each of these points and showed the sure foundation of faith in God. He said his life would go down in despair if he believed God was not a God of special providence; that he could not believe the untenable doctrine that God left his people in this world to the control only of the cold, lifeless force called natural laws. Of what benefit would God's promises, God's omnipotence, God's love, or God's veracity be, if man were left to the merciless powers of blind force. 2 Object of faith. "Have faith in God." So God is the object of our faith. Man may be untrue, man may not have the ability to do, although a willingness to help, but God never fails. In order to show the gain to the Christian in trusting in God, the preacher gave an illustration of a sailor boy clinging to the top of the highest mast where he had gone during a storm to perform his duty. He looked below upon the reeling deck; the confused crew and lashing waves. He grew dizzy, nervous and almost ready to relinquish his hold and be dashed to a watery grave. How the clarion voice of the captain, speaking through a trumpet, calling to him to look aloft. The boy looked upward, and soon regained his self-possession; his nerves became steady enabled [illegible] destruction. So it is with the Christian. Look aloft from the trials and mountains of difficulty of life, up to God. Place your faith in him and he will help you on. He spoke in the third place of the workings of faith; how it moves Christians to labor for God's kingdom and humanity. He mentioned the mustard seed faith and God's promises to those who confided in him, and urged Christians when they came to a mountain of difficulty, to put their faith in God. Reason will say, go back; you cannot cross the mountain; or you cannot get over this river, but faith lays hold of the promises of God and moves forward and smites the mountain and it crumbles, and the Christian goes over safely. Reason recoils from the river of difficulty, but faith steps upon the waves and they become as glass under his feet. This is the result of faith in God—victory. Lastly, he spoke of the application of faith in God. He drew several illustrations to make plain how faith applied brings victory, joy and success to the Christian. In concluding; he said, the people may forget all he had said, but he hoped they would not forget the text: "Have faith in God."

Thoughts From a Casual Observer.

PRINCETON, Dec. 12, 1890

Editor Democrat:

I am sitting this beautiful Sabbath evening by my window through which the sun is throwing a flood of golden glory. The outside world seems to be enveloped in a halo of bliss. Myriads of little songsters infest our native groves or wing their way unmolested in ether blue. All nature is in a state of tranquility and repose. The lazy herds graze idly beside the running rivulet, whose sparkling waters go to fill the mighty ocean. A peaceful sense of rest and quiet has permeate all things.

Thoughts like these crowd our mind and tend to impress us with the fact that we are one day's journey nearer the land from whence no traveler ever returns. Life is but a span, when compared to length and as to quality it is just what we make it. One's life is but a chapter in the great book of creation. We start out in the morning of life radiant and full of hope, with the dew of youth upon our brow. The noonday sun of chagrin and disappoint [illegible] evening crowd [illegible] nighted spirits and we [illegible] borne rapidly upon the wheels of time to the place where Death, with his sickle sharper than a two-edged sword, clips the brittle thread of life and our guardian angel declares that time with us is no more. The journey of life is but a day. Some pass off the stage of action before the sun is fully risen, some continue until the zenith of life to be devoured by the wild beasts that lurk along the line, others battle constantly with the cares and vicissitudes that surround the pilgrim during his warfare, 'till the shadows steal across their time bedimed horizon and then take their flight over the last wild dark river into everlasting space.

"Oh, sing to my soul good angel,
A psalm of the battle of life,
Where the bravest sometimes falter
And fall in the bitter strife."

But the spirit of infinite mercy
Upholds them till undismayed.
They have won the purple and garland
Of palm trees that never fade.

Yea, some from the war triumphant,
O'er trial and gloom and sod
Go up till their steps are 'mid flowers,
On the beautiful hills of God.

Oh, sing to my soul good angel,
A song of the early lost,
The track of whose radiant morning,
By a sorrowful night is crossed.

They are blest that have won, sayeth the angel,
The peace of the early dead,
For the light of immortal glory
Crowneth each innocent head.

They have crossed the wild dark river
That moans thro' the valley of years,
And the hand of a love made perpect
Hath wiped away their tears."

"Work while it is called to-day." "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Alas! How few follow these ancient maxims. The inhabitants of earth, whom God created in his own image, are now a seething mass of blood thirsty murderers and matchless devils, and their habitation a howling wilderness. The good element of this world's make up is being swallowed up in evil, vice and corruption and the retrograding process, so often spoken of by cross-eyed fanatics, is being followed to a "jot and tittle." "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" fills the bill now-a-days. Vengeance call you quick, be ready, says the tempter and his blind followers obey him in utmost simplicity. Who hath woe, strife and conte tions? They who forsake the sublime teachings of their creator and worship the golden images of to-day.

CHOCTAW.

HONEST WORK.

$20 to $40 a week made by earnest men and women. We furnish the capital? If you mean business, drop us a card and get some facts that will open your eyes! A legitimate line of goods, and honest men wanted to introduce them in town and country. Don't wait! Address, at once.

W. H. McClain, St. Louis, Mo.

[illegible] out [illegible]

The only trouble [illegible] present Kilkinney cat fight is that the leading "kitty" is not in it.

The kicker gets along very well until he imagines that he is a battering ram.

A close call—Ah, there! A monkey goes with each organ.

The suitor who tells his beloved all of his bad habits admits himself out of court.

When the Chicago lass says to hang up her hose for Christmas she goes up in the elevator.

Men are so blinded by their self-conceit that it is impossible for them to tell whether they are sages or fools.

A man must know how to waltz if he would keep time with clocked stockings.

Steerage passenger—the man who takes the bull by the tail.

It is impossible to convince young men that that they are going too fast until they run off the track.

Sitting Bull probably reached the bad land sooner than he anticipated.

If Mr. Ingalls yearns to go again to the senate let the greedy gouger give up our notes and release his mortgages on our property. That's what.

The key to wedlock should always be thrown away before the devil gets it and gives it to a divorce lawyer.

A singing circle has been organized at Vineland, with Elder R. C. Horn, president; Miss Stella Horn, secretary; J. A. Smith, treasurer. Prof. S. A. Jones, teacher and leader. A public singing will be given every fourth Wednesday night in each month. Everybody invited, and especially the newspaper men of McKinney.

Teachers, Attention!

The teachers of Southeast Collin and others will meet at Nevada on the first Saturday night in January, 1891. Let all come out and take a part in the organization of our teachers' and peoples' institute.

Let joy, peace and happiness reign in the hearts of all the people.

ALFALFA CLOVER SEED.

For Prices on Alfalfa seed, write to James McNeen, La Junta, Colorado

WEAR & SHEPPERD,

—DEALERS IN—

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

ALL ON US BEFORE BUYING

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

TERMS VERY EASY AND PRICES THE LOWEST.

We will also continue to make enlargements in Crayon, Water Color, etc.

J. C. Bushong,

(Successor to G. R. Wear.)

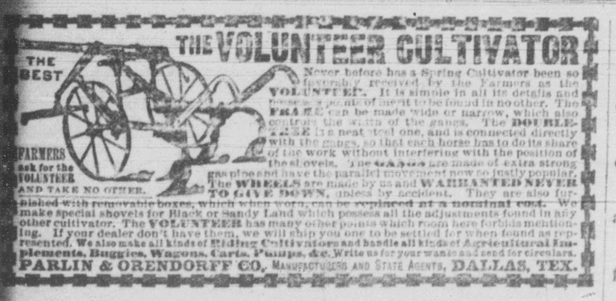
The Artistic Photographer-

Leading Gallery of the City.

Call and see me when in need of anything in my line.

Gallery at Wear's old Stand,

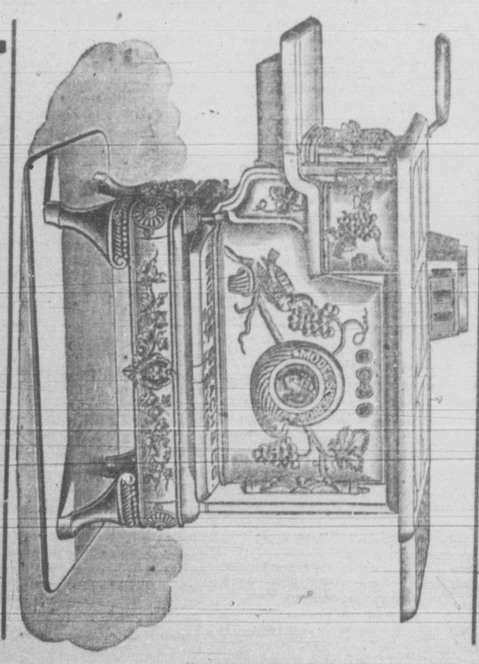
E. LOUISIANA ST.



Never before has a Spring Cultivator been so favorably received by the farmers as the VOLUNTEER. It is simple in all its details and possesses a point of merit to be found in no other. The FRAME can be made wide or narrow, which also controls the width of the gangs. The DOUBLE TREE is neat steel one, and is connected directly with the gangs, so that each horse has to do its share of the work without interfering with the position of the shovels. The GANGS are made of extra strong gas pipe and have the parallel movement now so justly popular. The WHEELS are made by us and WARRANTED SEVEN TO GIVE DOWN, indeed by accident. They are also furnished with removable boxes, which when worn, can be replaced at a nominal cost. We make special shovels for Black or sandy Land which possess all the adjustments found in any other cultivator. The VOLUNTEER has many other points which room here forbids mentioning. If your dealer don't have them, we will ship you one to be settled for when found as represented. We also make all kinds of Riding Cultivators and handle all kinds of Agricultural Implements, Buggies, Wagons, Carts, Pumps, &c. Write us for your wants and prices.

PARLIN & ORENDORFF CO, Manufacturers and State Agts, DALLAS, TEX.

SUPERIOR COOK STOVES AND RANGES.



COOK STOVES. SEAVOIS WOOD.

New Mohawk,

Cheapest stove for money made.

Wood and coal heaters all kinds, from cheapest box to base burners. Tin work, all kinds done on short notice. Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Locks, hinges, etc., Cutlery, Pocket and Table, Simmons' Keen Kutter goods a specialty. Queensware, plain and decorated. English white goods, French and Carsbad china, Bohemian Royal. Worcester and Hanover vases bought direct from Strause & Sons, Palma & Co, two largest importers in the United States. Specialty hanging lamps and Candeliers, from the well known Manufacturers, Clark Bros. & Co., Trenton, N. J.

J. P Dowell,

East Louisiana Street, one door west of postoffice.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price, 50 cents. Sold by Bristol Bros.

Webb & Porter are bidding for cash trade in coal, stock feed, etc. For cash bargains call on them at Webb-Hyne's old stand.

Attention.

All parties inbebted to R. C. Knott are earnestly requested to call at once and settle the same as he is desirous to settle up all accounts by Jan. 1 1891.

For pain in the stomach, colic and cholera morbus there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Good morning, Santa Claus.

For any disease arising from impure blood take Dr. Thurmond's Lone Star Blood Syrup, the greatest bloop medicine on earth.

Never grow weary in well doing.

Sobriety leads to independance.

The alliance man has the floor. Hear him.

A merry Christmas to all our patrons.

Why scratch your life away when a little Hunt's Cure judiciously applied will cure the worst case of itch ever known. If not it costs you nothing. Price 50 cents.

A merry Christmas to our readers.

Do not forget the poor during the Christmas festivities.

Sugar Chill Cure is as sweet as sugar; children cry for it; don't fail to try it. A sure cure.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." so says the Bible.

The malarious summer will soon be here. Buy a bottle of Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic and fortify yourself against chills and fever. It is absolutely guaranteed to cure and pleasant to take.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

Vases from 20 cents to $2 per pair at the Nickel store.

Those who are on the road to victory talk less than do those who sit by the roadside anchored in the dirt.—Hilsboro Reflector.

Wall paper! Wall paper! Largest stock, latest patterns and lowest prices ever known in McKinney, at Bristol Bros.

C. F. Shepperd left last Sunday for Somerset, Ky., where he will visit friends and relatives. We trust his visit to his old home will be a pleasant one.

E. C. Kitchen of Brownwood, Texas, says: "I would not take $1,000 for what Dr. Thurmond' Catarrh Cure did for me."

Mr. W. H. Graves, who had the misfortune to lose his wife by death recently, left for his father's home in Tennesse, with his little orphan children. The DEMOCRAT wishes him a cheerful afford, for one who has been bereft of a life companion.

The eighth wonder of the world just discovered—Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It will prove a boon to humanity. It is the same tonic as that heretofore sold under the same name except that it is tasteless. Guaranteed to cure.

Fire works for all at City drug store.

Wiseman—Carpets.
Wiseman—Dress goods.
Wiseman—Trunks.

PRESTON'S HED-AKE CURES ANY HEADACHE "While You Wait," BUT CURES NOTHING ELSE.

From Wilmeth.

WILMETH, Dec. 21, 1890.
Editor Democrat.

Health in this community is fine.

Cotton is all gathered and many old debts got a black eye.

Mr. J. N. Welch gave a lecture at Wilmeth to-day.

Our school is progressing finely. Mr. Charlie Williams gives perfect satisfaction, and controls his students well.

A literary society was organized at Wilmeth last night, with Mr. E. R. Hall as pilot and Miss Hattie Skidmore secretary, the famous Aurelie Wilmeth collector, treasurer and cashier. Your poor scribe was not present, hence this is all I know about the resurrected society.

Some talk of a Christmas tree here.

Wilmeth is situated about two miles north of McKinney near East Fork of Trinity river. It has one railroad running through its suburbs on the east, Trinity river on the north, your corporation line on the south and the newly-married couple on the west. So you see we are hemmed in right smartly.

Something that seemed to be Gabriel with his bugle aroused our community to a terrible excitement a few days ago. These unearthly yells came over on the breeze from near the Mallow lake and in a few minutes Wilmeth was under arms and was marching to lay seige to this "we didn't no," and on nearing the lake we could see trees tumble to mother earth. As we came up on the thing, (with a thousand names we had given it), we found Mr. James Roe using his head as a battering ram and was bumping the trees at a lively gait. Four of our best recruits nailed him and demanded of him why he was making such havoc of nature's foliage. He replied and said: "By 'ganny, it was a girl, and a 10-pounder." We left Mr. Roe there in all of his glory; please don't tell this on us.

Dances, my Scotts, yes. Every night this week almost was a dance, play party or a candy breaking.

Mr. Mat Wheatley and wife has returned from Dallas and will make their home with Mr. Bob McLarry. Mat, we welcome you and your charge back with us.

Mr. Jesse Davis and Miss Denia Scott of Honest Ridge or Hackberry neighborhood is visited among us to-day.

Mr. John Davis will leave for Johnsonville, Tenn., the home of your scribe, in a few days. John, tell my girl I am still out of the pen yet.

We understand that Messrs. Lige and Austin Hall will soon after Christmas commence clearing land on Mr. Hall's place.

Well, as the Sabbath is nearing an end I will tell you more next time.

GUESS WHO.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicine combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town says: Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c, a bottle, at E. N. McAuley's drug store.

Rev. Bennett Hatcher tendered his resignation as pastor of the First Baptist of McKinney last Sunday night, to take effect the 31st of January. He assigned as his principal reason that his health would not permit him to settle in McKinney. Mr. Hatcher has done good work during his stay in McKinney. He has made many warm friends who exceedingly regret his leaving. He is a worthy minister, and the DEMOCRAT bespeaks for him a successful career wherever his lot may be cast.

B. F. Houston returned last week from Seymour where he went to look after some business interest at that place. Mr. Houston tells a wonderful turnip story.

Patents Granted.

To inventors in the state of Texas, during the past week, reported by C. A. Snow & Co., patent attorneys and agents for procuring patents, opposite United States patent office, Washington, D. C.:

J. W. Austin, Pilot Point, wire-tightener; N. A. Cameron, Blossom, fly wheel; W. O. Johnson, Peedes, evaporator; C. E. Jones, Dallas, guage for job printiug presses; A. C Lottman, Houston, Mosquito net frame; J. L. Perkins, Grove, machine for pulling stumps; H. Peterson, Round Rock, Plow; E. E. Scott, Whitesboro, apparatus for raising or lowering wagon bodies; C. C. Shelburn, Colorado, pump.

Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Hon. W. H. Crain, member of Congress from Texas, writes: "It affords me pleasure to add my testimony to that of hundreds who have experienced relief by the use of your wonderful "Hed-Ake." Cures in fifteen minutes. For sale all druggists, 50c.

Col. Webster Flanagan can point with pride to the fact that he got a larger majority than any other candidate for governor this year. It was against him, to be sure, but that does not affect the question of its surpassing bigness.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup company

Philip Burgher died last Thursday night. He has been in ill health for some time and it was not a surprise to his many friends to learn of his death. He has been a citizen of McKinney for a number of years and was liked by all who knew him. The DEMOCRAT extends sympathy to mourning ones.

The public school gave an exhibition at the opera house last Monday night. The DEMOCRAT reporter failed to be present and consequently cannot give a report. However, it is pronounced by those present to be a successful affair.

Preston's "Hed-Ake"

Judge J. H. McLeary, ex-Att'y Gen'l of Texas and Past Grand Master of Masons, says: "It (Hed-Ake) is the best medicine for headache I ever saw." Cures any headache. For sale all druggists, 50c.

Jordan O. Straughan returned home last Saturday from Palo Pinto where he has been visiting relatives and friends for several weeks.

The year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety was propitious for the Farmers Alliance throughout the entire country.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, NY.

When Judge Johnson left the county judge's office there were $71.20 to the credit of the road and bridge fund and $6,903.90 registered against it. At the end of Judge Abernathy's first term the road and bridge fund was minus $152 19 with $7,742.29 registered against it. We venture to assert that a great many more bridges were built during Johnson's term, owing to the great washouts during those two years, thus incurring an unusual expense. "Figures don't lie," but their absence often decieve the public.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

Wiseman blankets, trunks.

Farewell, 1890.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

We bid farewell to 1890 with this issue.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

Mrs. E. J. Parker, of Sherman, is visiting relatives in McKinney.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use HALL'S Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of Dec., A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Relinquishing our hold on the dying year, we reach forward and grasp the new, with renewed hope.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottle of this Great Discovery at E. N. McAuley's drug store, large bottles 50c, and $1.00.

R. M. Board

Has been selling dry goods for a long time to the good people of old Collin, but he must have money once a year. He now requests all those who are indebted to him to come up at once and pay him that he may be able to favor them in the future. Pay Board.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best salve in the world for cuts, bruises sores, ulcers, salt rheum fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions and Positively cures Piles, or no money required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale By E N McAULAY and Bro

Alliance Notice.

The Weston Alliance will meet delegates to the county Alliance, at McKinney, on Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1890, for the purpose of conveying said delegates to Weston the place of meeting of the next county Alliance. JAMES RIPPY,
Sec'ty Weston Alliance.

Mr. Walter Wilson, from Murphrysboro, Ills., arrived in our city yestarday. He is a brother of our townsman, A. T. Wilson, and contemplates making this county his future home. We bid him welcome to the rich fields of old Collin.

Smith Bros.

Keep on hand fresh drugs, patent medicines of all kinds. Also toilet articles of any description; in fact, everything in the drug line. Call and see hem, east side of the square.

Mr. D. J. Franklin, an old citizen of Collin county who lived near Rhea's Mill, was killed last Thursday by a runaway team. The wagon ran over his body and he only lived a few hours.

With Christmas comes rain.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

From Lucas.

LUCAS, Dec. 15, 1890.
Editor of the Democrat.

After a few weeks silence I will try to give you some news from this vicinity.

We are all right side up and living fat on sausage and spare-ribs. We had a wedding in our vicinity since I last wrote you. The lives of F. W. Clark and Miss Sallie Garrett were blended into one. May peace and happiness crown them through life. There has been much changing around in our vicinity this fall; some of our citizens have gone west to grow up with the country and others have moved to town to try the realities of city life, but while some are going out others are coming in to take their places. Among those who have moved into our community, I make special mention of Mr. Hillings and family who have rented Uncle Ben Biggs' farm and Mr. Stevens and family who have rented one of W. S. Coffey's farms. Mr. Hillings comes to us from Rusk county the county in which your correspondent was born. Both these families are good singers. This will add much to the singing interest of this vicinity. We have just finished ceiling our church house and have singing every Sunday night, which sounds much better than before the house was ceiled. Our school is progressing finely under the management of Prof. Daile and Miss Sallie Merrett. Our literary society is still on the upward march and some of the school boys are taking a lively interest in the debating. The question to be decided next Friday night is "which deserves the most credit, Washington or Columbus." The subject, resolve that man is capable of self government, will be debated by our oldest heads in a few weeks. Quite a number of our friends are going to visit friends in Tenn. during the Christmas holidays.

UNCLE MIKE.

If you have stock to feed this bad weather Webb & Porter will sell you feed as cheap as anybody in McKinney.

If you want holiday goods, clothing, notions, bazaar goods, toys, go the Racket Store. Everything must be sold regardless of cost in order to close out business. Come before the rush.

Nellie Bly got around the World pretty lively, but Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic will go it at a still better pace. Try a bottle when in need of a remedy for chills.

December

The last month in the year, has come again and with it comes due the accounts of R. M. Board. He respectfully asks his friends and customers whom he has favored the year round to come in and settle up. He needs your assistance now, and will be glad to favor you again.

January—December! What weighty matters have hung between those months during the year now vanishing.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are entirely vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Walter Howell and J. W. Throckmorton, jr., who are attending school at Bryan, came home to spend the Christmas holidays.

Go to City drug store for fire works and holiday goods.
BRISTOL BROS.

Wiseman—Dry Goods,
Wiseman—dress goods.
wiseman—west Louisiana street; dry goods.

The laws of health are taught in the schools; but not in a way to be of much practical benefit and are never illustrated by living examples, which in many cases might easily be done. If some scholar, who had just contracted a cold, was brought before the school, so that all could hear the dry, loud cough and know its significance; see the thin white coating on the tongue and later as the cold developed see the profuse watery expectoration and thin watery discharge from the nose, not one of them would ever forget what the first symptoms of a cold were. The scholar should then be given Chamberlain's cough remedy freely, that all might see that even a severe cold could be cured in one or two days, or at least greatly mitigated, when properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear. This remedy is famous for its cures of coughs, cold and croup. It is made especially for these diseases and is the most prompt and most reliable medicine known for the purpose. 50c, bottles for sale by Bristol Bros.

A son of Mr. M. D. Pusser, a merchant of Gibraltar, N. C., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism for a year or more, as to be unable to work or go to school. His father concluded to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm on the boy. It soon cured him and he has since walked one and a half miles to school and back every school day. Fifty-cent bottles for sale by Bristol Bros.

Administrator's Notice.

All persons holding claims against the estate of W. M. C. Griffith, deceased, are hereby notified and required to present the same for allowance within the time prescribed by law to the undersigned H. W. Griffith, who was at the Dec. term 1890 of the county court of Collin county duly appointed administrator of said estate. My residence and postoffice address is Fayburg, Collin County, Tex. This Dec. 23, 1890.

H. W. GRIFFITH
Administrator of the estate of W. M. C. Griffith, deceased.

Notice.

Any person knowing themselves indebted to the old firm of Curtsinger & Lewis are requested to settle with T. C. Boone, as all accounts of said firm have been placed in his hands for collection.

Notice.

The next regular meeting of the stock-holders of Farmers commercial agency, of Collin county, will meet the third Tuesday in Jan., at Weston, at night, before the county alliance convenes on the 21st.

All members will be promply on hand.

Yours faternally,
Kent. K. Kerr.
Sec'ty Collin Co. F. A. C. A.
Vineland, Texas.

Wiseman Clothing, dry goods, trimmings dress goods.

Peach Seed Wanted.

Good sound peach seed, new or old, at one dollar per bushel delivered.

E. W. KIRKPATRICK,
McKinney Texas.

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

And the Treasures That Poor Old Grandma had Locked Therein.

In the best chamber of the house,
Shut up in dim, uncertain light,
There stood an antique chest of drawers,
Of foreign wood with bronzes bright.
One morn a woman, worn and grave,
Stepped totteringly across the floor:
"Let in," she said, "the sunlight bright!
Then Jean, unlock the bottom drawer!"

The girl, in all youth's loveliness,
Knelt down with eager, curious face;
Perchance the treasure of Indian silks,
Of jewels, and of rare old lace.
But, when the sunlight streaming fell
Upon the trousseau bundled there,
The tears rushed to her tender eyes,
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

"Dear grandmamma," she softly sighed,
Lifting a withered hand to palm;
But on the elder face was naught
But sweet content and peaceful calm.
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed
Upon a baby's half-worn shoe—
A little frock of linsey-woolsey—
A hat with tiny bows put by—

A ball made fifty years ago—
A little gown, a tasseled cap—
A half-done long-division sum—
Some picture-books fastened with a strap.
She touched them all with trembling fingers.
"How much," she said, "the heart can bear!
Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die
The day that first I laid them there.

"But now it seems so good to know
That all throughout these weary years
Their hearts have been unstained by sorrow,
Their eyes have been unstained by tears.
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight
When earthly love is almost o'er;
Those children wait me in the skies...
For whom I locked that sacred drawer."

—Mary A. Barr.

VAN BIBBER'S CHARITY.

Young Van Bibber broke one of his rules of life the other day and came down town. This unusual journey into the marts of trade and finance was in response to a call from his lawyer, who wanted his signature to some papers. It was five years since Van Bibber had been south of the north side of Washington square, except as a transient traveler to the ferries on the L road. And as he walked through the City Hall square, he looked about him at the new building in the air, and the bustle and confusion in the streets, with as much interest as a lately arrived immigrant.

Van Bibber rather enjoyed the novelty of the situation, and after he had completed his business at the lawyer's office he tried to stroll along lower Broadway as he did on the avenue.

But people bumped against him, and carts and drays tried to run him down when he crossed the side streets, and those young men whom he knew seemed to be in a great hurry and expressed such amused surprise at seeing him that he felt very much out of place indeed. And so he decided to get back to his club window and its quiet as soon as possible.

"Hello, Van Bibber," said one of the young men who were speeding by, "what brings you here? Have you lost your way?"

"I think I have," said Van Bibber; "if you'll kindly tell me how can get back to civilization again, be obliged to you."

"Take the elevated from Park place," said the friend from over his shoulder, as he nodded and dived into the crowd.

The visitor from up-town had not a very distinct idea as to where Park place was, but he struck off Broadway and followed the line of the L road along Church street. It was at the corner of Vesey street that a miserable-looking, dirty, and bloated object stood still in his tracks and begged Van Bibber for a few cents to buy food. "I've come all the way from Chicago," said the object, "and I haven't tasted food for twenty-four hours."

Van Bibber drew away as though the object had a contagious disease in his rags, and handed him a quarter without waiting to receive the man's blessing.

"Poor devil," said Van Bibber; "fancy going without eating all day." He could not fancy this though he tried, and the impossibility of it impressed him so much that he amiably determined to go back and hunt up the object and give him more money. Van Bibber's ideas of a dinner were rather exalted. He did not know of places where a quarter was good for a square meal, including "one roast, three vegetables, and pie." He hardly considered a quarter a sufficiently large tip for the waiter who served the dinner, and decidedly not enough for the dinner itself. He did not see his man at first, and when he did, the man did not see him. Van Bibber watched him stop three gentlemen, two of whom gave him some money, and then the object approached Van Bibber and repeated his sad tale in a monotone. He evidently did not recognize Van Bibber, and the club-man gave him a half-dollar and walked away, feeling that the man must surely have enough by this time with which to get something to eat, if only a luncheon instead of a dinner.

This retracing of his footsteps had confused Van Bibber, and he made a complete circuit of the block before he discovered that he had lost his bearings. He was standing just where he had started from and gazing along the line of the elevated road, looking for a station, when the familiar accents of the object again saluted him.

When Van Bibber faced him, the beggar looked uneasy. He was not sure whether or not he had approached this particular gentleman before, but Van Bibber conceived an idea of much subtlety, and deceived the object by again putting his hand in his pocket.

"Nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, dear me!" drawled the club-man, sympathetically; "haven't you any money, either?"

"Not a cent," groaned the object; "an' I'm jest faint for food, sir. S'help me. I hate to beg, sir. It isn't the money I want, it's jest food. I am starvin', sure."

"Well," said Van Bibber, suddenly, if it is just something to eat you want, come in here with me, and I'll give you your breakfast." But the man held back, and began to whine and complain that they wouldn't let the likes of him in such a fine place.

"Oh, yes, they will," said Van Bibber, glancing at the bill of fare in front of the place; "it seems to be extremely cheap. Beefsteak, fifteen cents, for instance. Go in," he added, and there was something in his tone which made the object move ungraciously into the eating-house.

It was a very queer place. Van Bibber thought, and the people stared very hard at him and his gloves and the gardenia in his coat and at the tramp accompanying him.

"You ain't going to eat two breakfusts, are yer?" asked one of the very tough-looking waiters of the object. The object looked uneasy, and Van Bibber, who stood behind his chair, smiled in triumph.

"You're mistaken," he said to the waiter; "this gentleman is starving; he has not tasted food for twenty-four hours. Give him whatever he asks for!"

The object scowled, and the waiter grinned behind his tin tray, and had the impudence to wink at Van Bibber, who recovered from this in time to give the man a half-dollar and so to make him a friend for life. The object ordered milk, but Van Bibber protested and ordered two beefsteaks and fried potatoes, hot rolls and two omelettes, coffee, and ham with bacon.

"Holy smoke! Yatcher think I am?" yelled the object, in desperation.

"Hungry," said Van Bibber, very gently; "or else an impostor. And you know, if you should happen to be the latter, I should have to hand you over to the police."

Van Bibber turned to the door and kept the eye on a policeman across the street. The object was choking and cursing through his breakfast. It did not appear to agree with him. Whenever he stopped, Van Bibber would point his stick to a still unfinished dish, and the object, after a husky protest, would attack it as though it were poison. The people sitting about were laughing and the proprietor behind the desk smiled grimly.

"There, darn ye," said the object, at last. "I've eat all I can eat for a year. You think you're mighty smart, don't ye? But if you choose to pay that high for your fun, I s'pose you can afford it. Only don't let me catch you around these streets after dark, that's all."

And the object started off, shaking his fist.

"Wait a minute," said Van Bibber; "you haven't paid the waiter for your breakfast."

"Haven't what?" shouted the object; "paid him! How could I pay him? Youse asked me to come in here and eat. I didn't want no breakfast did I? Youse'll have to pay for your fun yerself, or dey'll t'row yer out. Don't try to be too smart."

"I gave you," said Van Bibber, slowly, "seventy-five cents to buy a breakfast with. This check calls for eighty-five cents, and extremely cheap it is," he added, with a bow to the fat proprietor. "Several other gentlemen, on your representation that you were starving, gave you other sums to be expended on a breakfast. You have the money with you now. So pay what you owe at once or I'll call that officer across the street and tell him what I know, and have you put where you belong."

"I'll see you blowed first," gasped the object.

Van Bibber turned to the waiter. "Kindly beckon to that officer," said he.

The waiter ran to the door and the object ran, too, but the tough waiter grabbed him by the back of his neck and held him.

"Lemme go!" yelled the object; "lemme go an' I'll pay you!"

Everybody in the place came up now and formed a circle around the group and watched the object count out eighty-five cents into the waiter's hand, which left him just one dime to himself.

"You have forgotten the waiter who served you," said Van Bibber severely, pointing with his stick at the dime.

"No, you don't," groaned the object. "Oh, yes," said Van Bibber; "do the decent thing now, or I'll——"

The object dropped the dime in the waiter's hand, and Van Bibber, smiling and easy, made his way through the admiring crowd and out into the street.

"I suspect," said Mr. Van Bibber, later in the day, when recounting his adventure to a fellow-club-man, "that after I left, the fellow tried to get his tip back from the waiter, for I saw him come out of that place very suddenly, you see, and without touching the pavement till he lit on the back of his head in the gutter. He was a most remarkable waiter." — *San Francisco Argonaut.*

A Lumber Camp in Winter.

Life in the lumbermen's winter camps deep in the backwoods of New Brunswick, Maine, or in Quebec, is not so dangerous as might at first appear. It grows monotonous to the visitor as soon as the strangeness of it has worn off. The noises of the chopping, the shouting, the clanking and trampling of the teams give sufficient warning to all the wild creatures of the woods, and they generally agree in giving wide berth to a neighborhood which has suddenly become so dangerous. The lumbermen are incessantly occupied, chopping and hauling from dawn to sundown; and at night they have little energy to expend on the hunting of bears or panthers. Their bunks and their blankets acquire an overwhelming attraction for them, and by the time the camp has concluded its after-supper smoke, and the sound of a few noisy songs has died away, the wild beasts might creep near enough to camp to smell the pork and beans with little risk.

At rare intervals, however, the monotony of profound and soundless snows, of endless forests of felled trees, of devious wood-roads, of ax and sled and chain, is sharply broken, and something occurs to remind the heedless woodsman that though in the wilderness he is yet not truly of it. He is suddenly made aware of those shy, lurking forces which, regarding him as a trespasser on their domains, have been vigilantly keeping him under keen and angry watch.

The spirit of the violated forest strikes a swift and sometimes effectual blow for revenge. A yoke of oxen are straining at their load; a great branch seems, with conscious purpose, to reach down and seize the nearest ox by his horns—and the poor brute falls with his neck broken. A stout sapling is bent to the ground by a weight of ice and snow; the thaw or a passing team releases it, and by the fierce recoil a horse's leg is fractured. A lumberman strays off into the woods by himself, and is found days afterward, half eaten by bears and foxes. A solitary chopper drops his ax, and leans against a tree to rest or to dream of his sweetheart in the distant settlements, and a panther drops from the branches above and seriously wounds him.

Yet the forest's vengeance is seldom accomplished, and on the careless woodsman the threat of it produces no permanent effect. His onward march will not be stayed. His ax goes everywhere.—*Charles G. D. Roberts, in St. Nicholas.*

Crime in Heligoland.

That there is practically no such thing as crime in Heligoland we have all heard, but it has been reserved for a writer in *Blackwood* to tell us why this is. It is, we learn, the inevitable result of living upon so small an island. Even conduct of any seriously improper kind is practically impossible where everybody knows everybody else's doings and position, since for those who transgress the rules of social decorum there is but one course open. This is self-banishment, and to leave Heligoland forever is to its sons more bitter than death. As to crime of the graver sort every would-be criminal knows that he cannot possibly escape from this tiny speck in the North Sea except with the connivance of the whole population. Last year two housebreakers from Hamburg ventured to come across on a professional visit. They had a highly successful evening's work. Every door stood open. They had only to watch when no one was by, step boldly in and carry away what they cared for. They got altogether a very handsome booty. But they had forgotten one important detail—there was no steamer leaving Heligoland the following day till 2 o'clock. Long ere then the thefts had been discovered, the robbers lodged in prison and the stolen property restored to its owners. So the Heligolanders are honest, whether they like it or not.

Face Lotion.

An admirable emollient face lotion may be thus made: Take a pint bottle, place in this a juice of one cucumber, which will be found to yield from one to three tablespoonfuls, according to the size. Half fill the bottle with elder-flower water, and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. After shaking it well, pour in slowly a half ounce of tincture of benzoine. Fill up your bottle with elder-flower water.

NEW YORK'S CHINA TOWN.

JOSS HOUSES, GAMBLING ROOMS AND FILTH.

The "Pig-Tailed Heathen" Lead a Life of Careless Abandon and Evident Enjoyment and Accumulates Much Good "Mellican" Money.

Of all the settlements of foreigners in New York—and there are many of them—the most picturesque is the Chinese quarter. The almond-eyed children of the sun are, it is true, scattered all over the city and its suburbs, to the number of more than eight thousand. It is hard to find any neighborhood where there are no Chinese laundries, for they seem to have taken to that business almost exclusively in this part of the country. Nevertheless they have a sort of headquarters in the neighborhood which they have taken for their own, and here goes on all the traffic—no inconsiderable volume—which they have among themselves. Here are their temples, their gambling-houses, and their opium dens, all under the same roof in some instances. Here are their restaurants, their grocery stores, their society rooms (for every Chinaman belongs to a society), their municipal government (for they have one of their own), their professional people, their artisans, and their bankers. Here are several great Chinese importing houses, and here are the homes of many of them who could afford to live on Fifth avenue if they choose to do it. As to any one of these, a long and interesting chapter might be written, but we are now considering the colony as a whole.

It is not a healthful, an inviting, nor a beautiful place which we are studying. On the contrary, it is squalid in appearance, rickety, old, and ill-preserved as to its buildings, badly kept as to its streets, and at the first glance seeming like the haunt of despairing poverty. It has, however, two advantages which, to the mind of the Mongolian, outweigh the disadvantages. It is a central location, easy of access by the principal routes of travel from all directions, and the rents are cheaper than they would be likely to get in any other neighborhood equally accessible. The Chinaman does not come to America to spend money, especially in rents. He comes to accumulate.

The neighborhood which they have appropriated is small, comprising only about three city blocks in Mott and Pell streets just out of Chatham Square, but their ideas about space are those which obtain in all the crowded tenement districts of the city, and some thousands of them are to be found here night and day. No exact statement of numbers is possible, for they are suspicious and secretive, and take refuge in their ignorance, either real or pretended, of the English language, when questioned by the "Mellican man." Moreover, this is the pleasure resort of all those who live and work elsewhere. When work is slack, or they feel inclined for a holiday, they seek their companionship and their dissipations in the company of their compatriots. Here, too, they worship, naively seeking the aid and comfort of their religion whether they are bent on business or debauchery.

They have built one house only, renting all the others they occupy. This one is a large double tenement house of ordinary New York fashion, and in it, as said above, are a temple, shops, homes, and gambling and opium dens. On every house in the district, however, are the queer-looking signs, hiero-glyphically illegible to the Caucasian, which indicate the business carried on within. The vista of the street with these projecting signs, handsome and grotesque lanterns, and queer tinsel ornaments, hung out apparently for decorations only, is so quaint as to be bewildering to the average New-Yorker, who has not studied the queer sides of the city.

What Her Thought Were.

"Tick, took, tick, took!" went the old clock on the mantel.

"Tick, took!" The minutes rolled by, and three more hours were chalked up on the slate of Time, and still neither spoke.

Neither means Clarissa and Henry. For three hours they had sat upon the comfortable sofa, side by side. The lights were low, and everything was quiet save the beating of two young hearts, and even that could not be heard. Clarissa could hear Henry's beat, however, for she was very close to it.

Finally she opened her beautiful eyes, which had been closed in languorous happiness, and, gazing into the face of the young man, said, sweetly:

"Henry, we have been sitting here for over three hours, and during nearly all that time you have spoken scarcely a word."

"I know it, dearest," he said, drawing her closer, "I have been thinking."

"And so have I," she replied, "I too, have been thinking. Now, Henry, I want to know," and her soft little fingers laid beseechingly upon his shoulder, "I want to know what your thoughts have been. Do tell me."

"Clarissa," replied Henry, "you should be able to divine my thoughts. Why, I believe I have been thinking—"

"Yes?"

"I have been thinking about the same thing you have, dear!"

"Henry de Kacki k," she said, raising from her embrace and standing at full length before him, "Henry de Kackiak, if you kiss me I shall call my father!"—Boston Traveler.

Found in the Marsh.

A remarkable discovery was recently made in the town of Oneonta, N. Y., where a company is engaged in digging for phosphates from the depths of a swamp. In one place the marsh is underlaid at a depth of twelve feet by an impervious stratum of blue clay, above which are found evidences of three successive and distinct eras of forest growths.

The bottom layer is of deciduous trees that grow only on uplands, such as beech, oak and maple. The second layer is of soft swamp woods, such as alder, basswood and dog wood. The upper layer is of coniferous trees, such as pine, hemlock and spruce. The puzzle to the naturalist is the finding of upland trees at the bottom of the marsh, with the trunks and larger limbs and abundant specimens of leaves and beech-

A MUSCULAR SCHOOLMARM.

How She Treed a Boy and Afterwards Cut Him Down.

I was driving along a highway in Woods county, Ohio, with a man who was selling farming machines to farmers, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we came along to a district schoolhouse. The schoolma'am and about twenty scholars stood under an elm tree, about forty feet high, near the house, and in the topmost branches of the tree was a boy about fourteen years old.

"Anything wrong here?" asked my friend, as we halted before the door.

"Budd Hawkins says he won't and the teacher says he must!" called a little girl.

The teacher herself then came forward. She was a plain-looking girl of about twenty, with a mouth showing great firmness, and with some embarrassment she explained.

"It's the terror of the school. He refused to mind, and I started to whip him. He broke away and ran out and climbed the tree. I've been up about twenty feet but had to give it up and come down."

"Yer can't conquer me!" shouted the boy.

"Budd, I order you to come down?"

"I won't!"

"I have sent for an axe, and here it comes," she said as she turned to us. "He'll come down with the tree if not before.

We offered to use the axe, but she declined the offer with thanks, and stepping to the tree she swung the implement around and buried the blade in the wood.

"You dasn't!" shouted Budd from the top.

"I'll do it or resign!" she answered as she struck several blows.

At the end of three minutes the tree began to totter and Budd to yell in alarm, and a few seconds later it fell with a crash. I thought the boy was badly hurt, if not killed, and was relieved as the school-ma'am sprang forward, yanked him out of the branches, and while applying a gad with one hand she pulled him into the schoolhouse with the other, saying:

"Now, Budd Hawkins, you've got to do some of the awfullest begging ever heard in the state of Ohio, or I won't leave enough hide on you for a flea to bite!"

He was hard at it when we drove on.

Not Very Far.

Not very far to happy hasting feet
The little stretch of land between our lives
In distance so diminutive, so sweet
To love that listens, and to life that strides;
To fullest rest a little pausing bar—
Not very far!

And when my day is heavy, when all light
Fades from the time, and life is dull and dim,
I think how little hides you from my sight,
And quaff a cup of joy full to the brim
Thankful that I am living, since you are
Not very far!

Epicurean.

There are sonnets to an eyebrow,
There are roundeaus to a shoe;
There are madrigals to duchesses
Whose nose and hose are blue;
There are ballads to the dairy maid
With her ankles in a brook,
But why don't poets write a rhyme
Or so about the cook?

Swapped a Heifer for His Boy.

You'll have hard work to find a Maine father who values his boy at less than his weight in gold. Allowing, therefore, for the discount made to the trade, it would seem as though quotations were running a little low when "young 'uns" are swapped for two-year-old heifers. Two years ago a Maine family found the wolf of want climbing in at the back window, and therefore fed to the varmint the eldest boy; in other words, bound the youngster out to a neighboring farmer. Circumstances improved and last summer the father approached the farmer with an appeal for his son. But no. "Just gittin' the boy so's he pays me suthin," said the farmer. "His mother wahts him." "So do I." "Wal, tell yer what I'll do," at last said the anxious parent. "I've got a handsome two-year-old heifer and I'll swap even for the boy." The farmer evidently saw an opportunity for profit, for he closed the bargain.—Lewiston Journal.

The Coon Mistook Him For a Tree.

Hiram G. Bacon, of West Paris, was aroused by hearing his dog bark, and went to ascertain the cause, taking with him his $40 double-barrelled shotgun. Upon arriving where the noise came from he found that the dog had cornered a coon. He sent the contents of both barrels at the coon, hitting but not killing him. The coon then had a pitched battle with the dog, and Mr. Bacon occasionally got in a lick at the coon; but Mr. Bacon being a very tall man, the coon undoubtedly took him for a tree, for he commenced to climb him, and not until after a hard fight on the part of Mr. Bacon, in which he had the misfortune to break his gun, did he succeed in disposing of the animal.—Lewiston Journal.

He Exhausted

"I am the boss fool," said a man to Charley Beerman at the Kimball.

"How so?" said he.

"Well, I got drunk, half bellowed myself hoarse, have spent all my money, got my hat crushed in, and have no place to sleep—and all on account of the election of a man whom I have never seen and know nothing about. I'm a stranger in the city."—Atlanta Journal.

Not In It

A French adventurer has traced up the stories of no less than seventeen different wrecks where large sums of money were said to have gone to the bottom, and in no one case, when the real facts were discovered, was there encouragement to spend a dollar looking after the treasure. Indeed, there

SOME STRANGE ANIMALS.

THEY ARE CURIOSITIES WELL WORTH SEEING.

A Unique Australian Bird—The Laughing Jackass—Flying Foxes—Peculiar Animals and Birds of Ceylon and Their Habits—A Paradise.

The first time the writer made the acquaintance of the laughing jackass was in the bird market of Sidney, Australia, where one was offered for sale confined in a huge wicker cage, but the sarcastic notes of this ludicrous bird were often heard afterward in its wild state singing through the jungle. It is one of the most curious creatures the traveler meets in his wanderings. Mischievous, sly, droll, and without a particle of shyness, what a bird it is! Its plumage is white and black, presenting very little tail, but it is provided with a large, gawky head, a well-rounded body, and is about the size of our domestic pigeon. The eyes are very large and gaze boldly at the observer as if to pierce him through and through. This bird laughs almost like a human being, with a sort of bird malice added, and though his notes are harsh, his merriment is extremely ludicrous and even contagious. One not only laughs at but with him. His rattling articulation forms a tumult of laughter. He is as intelligent as a mino bird or a parrot, and can be taught to articulate words like them, and, we are sorry to say, takes most aptly to profane language. The laughing jackass is of the kingfisher family of birds, but derives its food supply mostly from small snakes. These he seizes just back of the head, and flying high in air drops them upon stony ground, which breaks the delicate spine, after which he quietly devours them piece-meal, and as he thus performs what is considered an important service, he enjoys entire immunity from trap and gun in Australia.

The flying fox is a most peculiar animal, not unlike a mammoth bat. One sees them in surprising numbers in different parts of India especially on moonlight nights. The flying fox is unable to take flight from the ground. By means of its sharp claws, however, it rapidly climbs a tree, from the branches of which it throws itself into the air and skims about by expanding a thin membrane which opens beneath its limbs. It directs its course through the atmosphere with great precision without any vibratory motion. During the day time these animals retire to the seclusion of the forest, coming forth at night with the bats and owls. They sleep hanging head downward from the branches, to which they adhere by the natural hook attached to the points of their shoulders. One also sees in India the flying opossum, which "shoots" across considerable spaces at a high elevation by expanding a thin membrane attached to either side of its body, and which connects the fore and hind legs.

This fateful bird of nautical romance is not very generally distributed on the ocean. The writer has seen them in flocks of a score or more on the borders of the Arctic circle, on the voyage from Tasmania to Southern New Zealand. The peculiarity of the flight of the albatross is obvious to the most casual observer. It scarcely ever plies its wings in a vibratory manner, but sails upon the wind in any direction it chooses, though what mysterious power propels it, with or against the wind, who can say? If for a moment the bird partially alights upon the water to seize some object or prey there is a trifling exertion evident in rising again until a few feet in height is attained, when all visible effort ceases. The albatross is armed with a tremendous beak from six to eight inches long, ending in a sharp pointed hook of great hardness and strength, the most terrible weapon attached to any of the feathered tribe. The average bird of this species measures three feet in length of body, while the spread of wing from tip to tip is ten feet, and often eleven feet. The web feet expanded are seven inches across. In color the albatross is slate white. Ermine itself is not whiter than the breast of this bird, which lives in the air and bathes constantly in the sea.

The forests of the luxuriant island of Ceylon are remembered with special pleasure, though the usual tropical pests are not wanting there. Beetles, dragon flies, cockchafers, locusts, centipedes, vicious spiders and voracious musquitoes abound. Here the curious home of the tailor-bird, which sews leaves together and builds a dainty nest inside of them, was seen, also the self-constructed home of the weaver-bird, with an entrance tube over two feet in length. The peacock was here found wild, the male bird in all its wealth of mottled splendor. Storks, ibises and herons flew over the lagoons, and the cooing of the gentle wood-pigeon reached the ear in the quiet moments. While some large and brilliant flowers bloomed on trees, others very sweet and lovely caught the eye among the prolific undergrowth. In the distance was heard the trumpeting now and again of the wild elephants who keep a long way from human habitation in the daytime, but occasionally raid the rice plantations in the night, being especially fond of this article in its green condition. One moves watchfully in the jungle and steps with care, lest he should rouse some poisonous snake and suffer from its dangerous fangs. Vivid colors flash before the eyes caused by the brilliant plumage of the feathered tribe among the overhanging branches while occasionally the keen voice of the Ceylon thrush rings upon the ear like the startled scream of a young child. The jungles, and, indeed, all outdoors on this beautiful island, seemed like a conservatory of exotic birds, tropical plants and flowers, where in the still moments the leaves tremble and vibrate like the strings of an Æolian harp, and the atmosphere is heavy with the fragrance of blossoms tended only by the hand of nature.

Hard to Complain.

The two old friends met accidentlly for the first time in ten or fifteen years. "Well," he said, "you are still Lucy Benderby, are you?" "Yes," she replied, "still Lucy Benderby." "It isn't your fault, I know," he replied, intending to say something complimentary. "That is," he added, nervously, feeling that he had not expressed himself exactly in the way he had intended, "I mean you're not to

it—or—that is, it was the fault of the young man. They, you know," he went on, breaking out in a profuse perspiration, "couldn't be expected—h'm! ha!—to—er—well, I must be going. Ever so glad to have met you!"—Boston Post.

FREE CHICKEN FOR DINNER.

Mr. Dash Adopts Vigorous Measures, Much to His Own Chagrin.

There is a gentleman in North Seattle, Mr. Blank, who keeps a number of hens, which, in days gone by, have managed to make their escape from the hen-pen and have worried a neighbor, Mr. Dash, very badly. Mr. Dash keeps hens, too, but he has always managed, as he supposed, to keep them securely inside the picket fence which marks the boundary of their home.

One day recently Mr. Dash sent a note to Mr. Blank to the effect that if he did not keep his hens at home he would be compelled to shoot them. Mr. Blank examined his hen-pen carefully and counted his chickens, says the Seattle Press. They were all at home, and he could see no possible way for them to escape. He at once sat down and wrote his neighbor a polite note, saying that he was sorry that his hens proved such an annoyance, and if they troubled him he should surely not object to their being shot. "Just shoot them," wrote Blank, "and throw them over the fence into my yard and I will take care of them."

The next evening when Mr. Blank came home he found a dead chicken lying in his front yard, with half a pound of shot in it. He took it up, dressed it and the next day had the pleasure of eating it.

The next day there were two, and the next day three. He had fried chicken for breakfast, cold chicken for luncheon, roast chicken for dinner and spring chicken to sell, but still the supply kept up, while, strange to say, his chickens did not seem to decrease in numbers.

One day Mr. Blank was standing out in his front yard, when Mr. Dash came along, with a very puzzled expression on his face.

"Say, Blank," exclaimed he, "how many of your chickens have I killed?"

"You have not killed any" was the reply.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished Dash.

"Why look at your hen-pen and see."

Dash made a rush for the fowl yard to size up the situation. Instead of fifty sleek looking hens that the yard had contained a month before scarcely twenty remained, while a small hole in the corner of the pen told the rest of the story to the infuriated Dash.

"To think," exclaimed Dash, "that I should keep that doggasted, measly Blank in chickens for a month, while my own family was regaling themselves on pork and beans! Bah! It's too bad!"

Moral—Cast out the beam from thy own eye in order that thou may see more clearly the mote that is in thy neighbor's eye."

THE INVENTION OF A YANKEE.

An Artificial Hand With Which a Man Can Do Any Kind of Work.

Willard A. Lucas, son of Mr. Samuel Lucas, the wool manufacturer of Poquetannuck, Conn., had his right hand severed in his father's mill, and since Mr. Lucas, Sr., who has inventive genius, has used every effort to replace the missing member with as useful a substitute as possible. After visiting or writing to the most prominent makers of artificial limbs in America, he learned that it was in vain to search, either in this country or Europe, for an artificial hand that could be used in doing work. Thereupon Mr. Lucas determined to make a hand himself; but he toiled persistently, day and night, for four months before he was successful. He has produced an a umnium hand that is very much like an old-time steel gauntlet and that is almost as handy as is a natural hand. The fingers are all perfect in shape and appearance, and the joints bend like those of the human fingers. It is smaller than the natural hand, but with it a man can do about every kind of work.

Mr. Willard Lucas has worn one of the artificial hands for several weeks, and with it can grasp and handily use all kinds of farm tools, pick up things from the ground, drive, handle a gun—in fact, use his metal hand skillfully and quickly at any work. Like the natural hand, the artificial one consists of a palm, that is provided with a fastening by which it is attached to the cork or wooden stump that all one-handed men wear in place of the missing member, and of fingers and a thumb, the joints of which are worked by a ratchet, so that they may be bent forward at any angle and held there. The hand may be tightly closed or only partly shut, and only one finger or all the fingers may be closed at once and instantly by striking them against the body or other object. To release the fingers it is necessary only to touch a small spring on the back of the hand. The invention is a nearly perfect substitute for the natural hand, and is the only thing of the kind in the world. Willard Lucas avers that he would not part with the device for a fortune if it was not possible to reproduce it. By means of an ingenious contrivance the artificial hand may be moved sideways at the place where it is attached to the arm, exactly as the natural hand is moved.

Foul Play.

The turkey stalks
Along the walks
And gayly gobbles in his glory,
He little knows
That by his toes
He'll soon be hanging, limp and gory.

The Worst of All.

Many an ailment from kissing starts,
But of most of the maladies
It causes, not one's more serious than
What is known as heart disease.

Too Much Trouble.

Lawyer—Well, aunty, what can I do for you?

Aunt Ebony—I want a dee-vo'ce frum ma husban'.

Lawyer—What's he been doing?

Aunt Ebony—Doin'? Why, he dont got relig'n, an' we ain't had a chicken on de table foh a month.—New York Weekly.

A Pressing Need.

Jack—"Why is dough like a man?"

Susie—"Because it's hard to get off your hands."

Jack—"Oh, no! It's a thing the

THE FARM AND HOME.

TIMELY SELECTIONS FROM GOOD AUTHORITIES.

Benefits of Attending Institutes and Other Places Where Farm Matters are Discussed—Errors in Blanketing Horses—Agricultural Items.

Attend the Institutes.

No man knows all about farming, and no one can learn all there is to know about it in an ordinary lifetime. Wherever you find a man that claims to know all about farming, you may be certain that he is not a progressive farmer, but is following the same old rut that his father and his grandfather before him followed. The practical, progressive farmer must continue to learn, and one of the best ways of doing this is to attend the institutes.

In quite a number of states considerable pains and expense are taken to have these meetings benefit the farmer, and while there will be some things that to the hard working farmer may sound more theatrical than practical, yet much information of value may be secured. In this state the board of agriculture is making something of a specialty of dairying, and with the larger class of farmers there is undoubtedly a very large chance for improvement, and certainly in many portions, if properly conducted, dairying could be made very profitable.

There are acres upon acres of land that are specially adapted to pasturing, and more valuable for this than any other purpose, and if farmers understand what kind of cows to keep, the kind of feed and care that is necessary to secure the best results; the proper handling of the milk and cream to obtain the best quality of product, dairying could be made to pay while certainly as now managed the profit is very small if in many cases it is not practically a loss. Let farmers then turn out in force at these institute meetings. Give your own experiences and thus add to your neighbor's store of knowledge, and he in turn can impart something to you that you never knew before. Even if you never utilize the knowledge gained, it will not do you any harm, and costs nothing to store away.—Indicator.

The Breeding of Mules.

N. Y. Times: Had half as much attention been turned to the rearing of mules and popularizing these excellent work animals, as there has been in attempting to raise trotters, it would have been far better in every way. A horse, whose only value is expressed in the magic figures 2:30 or 2:25, has no place or excuse for existence on a farm. It has no use on any road; it cannot serve in a farm wagon or in a plow, and the cost of it and the expense of its keeping are a simple waste of money to a farmer. If a farmer has a fairly good driving or saddle horse, or a pair of them for the road, and can afford to keep them without trenching upon his income, or is so placed that he can breed these for sale, he may stand a good chance of making a reasonable profit from them; but for use on the farm, for draught on roads and for sale, a pair of mules will bring in more profit than any horse that can be reared. There is no other draught animal equal to the mule, and the largest of them will do more work at less cost than even the great unwieldly and expensive animals now pushed to the notice of the farmers in the shape of the foreign breeds gathered from European countries. A mule may be reared more cheaply than a horse, and, although it is slower in maturing, it lasts longer and out-lives and out-works the horse. It is kept at less cost, its feet are harder, and it is less liable to disease.

About Rotation.

Rotation will not save land. It puts off the calamity of exhaustion. It simply equalizes the ratio of exhaustion. It is said "tillage is manure." Tillage does not add any manure. It works it out faster. Weeds are better than bare land. Summer-fallowing is a very expensive process. I had rather grow weeds and plow them under. It would be better for the land. Bare land loses its ammonia. Sow rye in the corn to conserve the fertility. Naked earth is a losing earth. How shall we make fertility? We can do it by the purchase of commercial fertilizers; but this system is too costly, unless for special crops. Another way is by means of stable manure. "I have," Mr. Woodward said, "banished the word barnyard from my vocabulary. A barnyard is a nuisance. My stable manure paid me last winter by feeding stock, over $1 a load profit over and above all it cost. I buy cottonseed and linseed meal, middlings and bran, and my manure comes from these foods fed to animals. By this system the farm is getting richer all the time."

Errors in Blanketing.

The blanketing of horses, like everything else, requires to be done with discretion, in order to derive full benefit, says a correspondent from across the border lines. From our observation and way of thinking many errors are committed even in this simple matter, hence a few remarks upon it are not out of place, as in a short time from now horse covering will be called into requisition.

There is a wonderful attractiveness about a nice, clean, sleek coat on a horse. It is only second to flesh in filling the eye and increasing the admiration of inexpert observers. It must further be confessed that few good judges of horses are not altogether uninfluenced by its alluring effects in forming an estimate of all goes to made up value in horseflesh.

Judicious blanketing has a great influence in improving a horse's coat. Exhibitors of horses at our fall shows experience a great deal of trouble in getting their animals' coats in the condition they would like.

In our use of blankets in the early autumn we should be guided by the temperature; not only should they be used at nights, but on cool days their use should not be neglected. Care, however, has to be taken to avoid ever keeping animals so warm as to sweat. Sweating under the blanket not only makes the horse uncomfortable, but it destroys the condition of the coat.

For Insect Enemies.

Here is a brief but comprehensive enumeration of remedies for injurious insects and the like: Tobacco smoke kills the green fly; water, the red spider; jarring, curculio; Paris green and water, the codlin moth; water, soap and carbolic acid, the bark louse; white hellebore, the currant and gooseberry worm; spraying with Paris green and water, the canker worm; wire cloth tied around the base of the tree prevents borers; tobacco water kills plant lice; slug shot will keep off the turnip fly, cabbage worm and other garden pests; the strawberry leaf moles must be picked off, or a new planting made; the tent caterpillar, by cutting off the twigs and burning; cutting off all the infected limbs for blight and knot; sulphur is good for mildew.

How Much Lime?

Three and a half barrels of lime will do 100 square yards of plastering. One and a half barrels of hair will do 100 square yards of plastering. One and a quarter barrels of good sand will do 100 square yards plastering. One barrel of lime will lay 1,000 bricks. Two barrels of lime will lay one cord of rubble stone. One-half barrel of lime will lay one perch of rubble stone. One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover one thousand square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on. One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered.

Farm and Stock Notes.

Freezing does not hurt onions if they are let alone.

Hogs will tire of corn if given it exclusively too long.

Feeding horses regular is an important item in keeping them healthy.

At the present time it requires the best of management to feed corn to hogs.

One reason why many fail to make poultry pay in winter is that the fowls are too closely crowded.

Clover hay chopped fine and well steeped before feeding will answer for green food for the poultry.

Often serious injury is done to horses by allowing them to drink too much cold water at a time.

In many cases a little figuring as to the cost of making and keeping up fences would be profitable.

Properly managed good brood mares can be made to pay a large interest on the money invested.

Have a separate place for the ducks and geese, they should not be housed with the other kinds of poultry.

The object of line breeding is to intensify the power of the animal to stamp its characteristics on its progeny.

It is fully as necessary to groom the horses carefully during the winter as in the summer, even if it is not so apparent.

One of the most profitable ways of increasing the weight of the fowls is to carefully shelter the sheep during the winter.

In making a start of good stock many make the mistake of breeding them too young in order to secure results earlier.

In arranging the fields, it will be quite an advantage to have them of good size and longer considered than wide, rather than nearly square.

With cattle, the average farmer wants the breed that requires the least care, and will make the best gain in proportion to the amount of food supplied.

Winter feeding is almost always the most expensive, especially with beef, and it is important to see that they have a dry, warm shelter, in order to lessen the cost of feeding as much as possible.

Cows are capital stock, and the amount they will return on the investment is largely dependent upon the intelligence with which the feed and care are given. The best results are only possible by giving proper care.

SEVEN WONDERS OF COREA.

All Products of Nature Except a Drop of Buddha's Sweat.

Corea, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders," says the St. Louis *Republic*. Briefly stated they are as follows:

1. A hot mineral spring near Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient, a dip in the water proves efficacious.

2. Two springs situated at considerable distance from each other; in fact they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities. When one is full the other is always empty; and, notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is of the bitterest bitter, and the other pure and sweet.

3. The third wonder is Cold Wind cave, a cavern from which a strong wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that no strong man can not stand before it.

4. A forest that can not be excoriated. No matter what injury is done to roots of the trees, which are like pines, they will sprout up again directly—like the Phœnix from her ashes.

5.